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A. BLUE BELLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A modern poet, who does not appear to have been fortunate in his medical advisers, begs that when his last hour comes no doctor "full of praise and fame" shall be sent for—

To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

The bard was evidently under the impression that, so far as nomenclature is concerned at all events, the faculty is equal to the occasion. Sir William Dalby, however, informs us in the *Lancet* that even this is not so easy: that incidents take place in medical experience which can come under no heading of any kind, and occur "in the last place" (as he modestly puts it) "where you would expect to find them," even in the practice of an aural surgeon. Here is one of them: "A lady was standing before her toilet-table, and, looking through an open door into her husband's dressing-room, saw him in the act of cutting his throat. From that moment she was absolutely deaf to all sounds. . . . Not only sudden grief but overwhelming joy I have known to make its recipient quite deaf." Of course, this is the result of what is called "shock," but there is no sort of explanation for it, not even a name. Sir William gives us several interesting examples. Incidentally he reveals the difficulties that are thrown in the way of the medical man in treating hysteria. A young lady of fashion who had professed to be absolutely blind, and had kept up the delusion for many weeks, suddenly recovered her sight, and became (for a change) as resolutely deaf. It was very reasonably proposed that a gun should be fired off in her vicinity; like the deaf gentleman in "Great Expectations," she would certainly have "heard that," but the family objected to this drastic treatment, though they could scarcely have been unaware that the girl's defect was assumed for the purpose of exciting sympathy. Hysteria never takes this form, we may be sure, except in well-to-do circles, and where the sympathy is ready laid like a housemaid's fire. A middle-aged gentleman, who was certainly not hysterical, lost the power of speech for years, and as suddenly recovered it, without there being the least reason for it. He was not, we gather, "easily shocked," but he had not been "shocked" at all. It is no wonder that Sir William entitles his experiences "Strange Incidents in Practice."

When our English climate is abused, as I fear it deserves, and those who dwell in tropic climes twit us with their cloudless blue and eternal summer, we are apt to reply (rather snappishly), "On the other hand, we have not your earthquakes." We might also say, "We have not your mosquitoes, your scorpions, your venomous snakes, your prickly heats," and so on. But that class of person is capable of retorting (we know), "And you have your blue-bottle flies, your fleas, and your B flats," as though any comparison could possibly exist in the matter; and so we confine ourselves to "earthquakes." If they were sharp (which they are not), they would reply, "And you have your landslips." For though the late catastrophe at Sandgate was unparalleled—from its happening in a populous neighbourhood—as regards loss and inconvenience, England has often suffered from the same cause, and on a larger scale. The most striking incident of this kind, perhaps, took place at the end of the last century, at Colebrooke, in Shropshire. Not very far from the Severn was a farmhouse, the tenants of which had a singular experience. The farmer awoke at three o'clock in the morning, and, feeling the ground shake, called up his family. They "observed a small crack in the ground a few inches wide, and a field that was sown with oats to heave up and roll about like waves of water"; the trees moved as if blown with wind, but the air was perfectly still; then the crack widened and ran very quickly up the ground from the river, which was agitated very much. "Immediately about thirty acres of land, with the hedges and trees standing (save a few that were overturned) moved with great force and swiftness towards the Severn, attended with a great and uncommon noise, like that of a large flock of sheep running swiftly." A wood of oaks of about two acres was pushed with such velocity into the channel that it forced up its waters and occasioned a great inundation, the river taking a new course, and wearing in three days a navigable channel through a meadow. A turnpike road was moved more than thirty yards from its former place, "and to all appearance was rendered for ever impassable." The land was left "in confused heaps, full of cracks from four inches to a yard wide." The whole scene, though so lasting in its effects, took but one quarter of an hour to enact. The weather had been recently very wet, as in the Folkestone case, but there had been no concussion—such as the blowing-up of the Benvenue—to explain the matter.

Landslips are not often upon this scale; though I have known a barn owned by a relative of my own taken across a road and lodged in a neighbour's field, which subsequently gave opportunity for a very pretty litigation. This is a trespass of an Alice-in-Wonderland sort, and capable of much humorous association. The greatest champion of temperance might reasonably wonder whether he has not been "taking something," when on returning home at eve he sees his trees on the left side of the road which in the morning had been on the right, or that his house had

come conveniently to meet him halfway down the hill. But the fact is that losses caused by this rare sort of mischance, instead of presenting themselves in a humorous aspect, are especially resented. We have even worse things, such as flood and fire, to contend with, but we know it, and do our best to defend ourselves against them, whereas landslips are not out of our province—we wish they were—but out of our calculations, and seem contrary to the rules of the game which Fate is always playing with us.

A correspondent of the *Spectator* thinks it is time to inquire a little more carefully into the stories of the "homing" instinct of animals. This is an observation which I have ventured to make myself, and on more than one occasion, but from such a source the suggestion is doubtless more worthy of attention. When a correspondent of the *Spectator* begins to doubt the marvels of animal instinct, scepticism is permitted to us all. He does not at present, it is true, rush into rank infidelity. "A cat carried a hundred miles in a basket [he says], a dog taken perhaps five hundred by rail, may in a few days have found their way back to the starting point. So we have been told, and, no doubt, the thing has happened; only [he goes on to say] this is not instinct but magic." We are therefore to understand that this gentleman believes in magic. It is quite curious, indeed, to note how he explains upon natural grounds the feats of the carrier pigeon, and then confesses that of those the cat and dog aforesaid he has no explanation to offer, but believes them, apparently, "because they are incredible." No man of science has yet given his attention to the matter in question, but when he does so we shall find these tales of animal magic melt before the sun of investigation just as ghost stories have done.

For persons who are properly constituted art itself is sufficient, without the association of sentiment, but most of us prefer it mixed. A more attractive advertisement for the general public, or one reflecting greater credit on its designer, than the following is difficult to imagine: "Accurate portraits of her Majesty in any colour, for two shillings apiece." It is impossible to say how many loyal and art-loving persons have been caught by this engaging offer. Who would not at so small an outlay hasten to procure a likeness of his gracious Queen? A friend of mine, who, while consenting to this disclosure, wishes modestly to remain anonymous, resolved to have two of them, in mauve and red, which, I suppose, are his favourite hues. He enclosed his postal order for four shillings, and received by return of post the two portraits. They were the very articles for which he had bargained, and yet he felt disappointed; one was a twopenny-halfpenny postage stamp, and the other a halfpenny one.

Nothing is more common—in fiction—than for innocent men to be convicted of serious crimes, and sent across the seas. There they "endure hardness" and suffer through two volumes and a half; but in the end the conscience of the wrongdoer tardily awakens, he confesses all upon his deathbed, and the hero returns home in triumph, with a very pretty fortune which he has had no opportunity of spending in the meantime. In "Time's Revenges" Mr. Christie Murray has preserved the old lines, but has shaped their termination differently. Tom Barton is a pattern hero, and the reader is very properly preserved from the pain of seeing him suffer as a convict, except for the briefest space. He is, in fact, quite as comfortable (and far more prosperous) in the New World as in the old, but for the drawback of his loss of character—a thing which in the community in which he finds himself is by no means an exceptional occurrence. This is, however, the keynote of the story, and is treated with much skill and refinement, though the idea of "the millionaire convict" not being received with open arms at home, whether guilty or not guilty, seems a little sentimental. The sacrifice made by him and his noble wife to keep their son's name free from stain is ingenious and original. What, however, will best please most readers of the novel are the character and conduct of the Count von Herder, who, notwithstanding a very strong family resemblance to another Count in modern fiction, has traits of his own it is impossible to ignore, and which will please alike the lovers of humour and of melodrama.

There are identical terms in English for very different things that must give great discouragement to the alien who attempts our language, and which sometimes confuse even the natives. It was once told me of a widow who had recently married again that she had been to Court the day before her second nuptials. I thought it strange, because it would have militated against that rule of particularity that is understood to influence introductions at the palace. "Are you quite sure?" I said. "Quite sure; it was done, you know, to prevent her husband being made responsible for her debts." The "Gazette" is another word of double, and even treble, meaning. One may be "mentioned in the Gazette," and get the thanks of Parliament or only a third-class certificate in bankruptcy. Indeed, one may be in the Gazette on still more unfavourable terms, since it is the official term for the *Hue and Cry*. If we wish to see ourselves as others see us, or, at all events, as the police see us, we cannot do better than study the descriptions which are there set down without either malice or extenuation. Their

object is identification, and everything else is sacrificed to it. A (late) eminent M.P. who is wanted for fraud and conspiracy had his personal appearance described the other day in this faithful manner: "Age fifty, very corpulent; short neck, legs seeming too weak for his body; flabby face, and thin, straggling whiskers." Ought anybody, one can hardly help asking, to be described like that unless he has been actually convicted? Even Mr. Sampson Brass, when requested to mention the physical peculiarities of his friend, with a view to the discovery of his body in the river, hesitated to bear hard upon his weaknesses. "Large head, short body, legs crooked," he did indeed say, but when Mrs. Jiniwin suggested "very crooked" he declined the amendment, upon the ground that Mr. Quilp had gone "where his legs would never come in question."

I remember in the old days of Continental travel that one's description in a passport was often very much too particular. It ignored expression, which with some of us is everything, and went into unnecessary details as to feature, especially the nose. In still remoter times passports were given to Catholics only under certain provisos even more humiliating than a personal caricature. In 1680 Lady Mary Yate (a daughter of the house of Pakington) could not go abroad at seventy years of age for the recovery of her health without a permit "under the usual clauses and provisos of giving security that she will not enter any plot against his Majesty or his realms," and will not "repaire to the city of Roome." The finest examples of unpleasant passports on record are, however, those given by the King of Portugal when master of the Indian Seas. Even Moorish ships dared not set sail without his permission in writing, and as the Moors could never acquire the art of reading, these "permits," for which handsome payment, of course, had to be made, generally ran as follows: "The owner of this ship is a very wicked Moor. I desire that the first Portuguese captain to whom this is shown may make a prize of her."

The entire absence of humour from a large number of persons furnishes a considerable supply of fun to their more fortunate fellow-creatures. In the "Answers to Correspondents" of the most popular of cheap periodicals, the editor gives us some interesting examples: "Mrs. R. K. understands that we offer £1 for every joke sent to this paper, and claims £5 for five, which she says she can prove she has forwarded. It is true we pay for jokes which are approved, accepted, and inserted, but not for any joke forwarded." Mrs. R. K.'s contention is perfectly serious and genuine; indeed, she is very indignant at not getting her money. Could she be induced, I wonder, by the offer of a moderate sum to send us her own definition of a joke? Many of the correspondents of the periodical in question seem to vie with her in an incapacity for seeing the fun of things. One of them, calling herself "Careful," appealed the other day to its readers to give her a £60 piano; the editor inserted her letter, "adding one or two remarks, intended to be of a playful nature, requesting rich readers to send along their £60 pianos without delay." Unfortunately, "a large number of persons" have taken this as serious advice, and sent in their own appeals, using as an argument that "they are content to accept pianos of a much cheaper quality, down, indeed, to £15." Out of what a stodgy mass of readers must these specimens have been excavated!

It is rather a question whether the good people who recommend "our standard authors" and entreat their fellow-creatures to read them instead of the modern ones are perfectly acquainted with them themselves. It is quite certain that the rising generation know nothing about them (though it is not because they read the modern ones), and there really would seem to be some fear that Smollett and Fielding and Richardson, and even Scott himself, will become mere names to our descendants. Under these circumstances one hails the establishment of the Classical Novel Reading-Room Union, the members of which bind themselves to read a standard novel every two months, and qualify themselves for an examination on it. It would be very interesting to gather the honest opinion of these intelligent young persons upon works that for many years have been held in a conventional estimation but as a matter of fact are never read. I am particularly anxious to know what will be their verdict upon "Tristram Shandy." Horace Walpole, who had the courage of his opinions, tells us he found it so excessively tedious that he could never get through it, but the whole army of critics has decided otherwise. It is not generally known, by-the-bye, that the famous curse in that volume is to be found word for word the same as that read by Dr. Slop in Charlton's "History of Whitby." Its occasion seems very slight for such strong language. Sir Thomas Challoner, while travelling in Italy at the close of the sixteenth century, investigated some alum works of the Pope, and, finding it was only want of experienced workmen which prevented his own alum works in Yorkshire from being successful, smuggled three of the Pope's workmen in casks and brought them over by ship to Guisborough. The enraged Pontiff thereupon thundered the anathema against him, with which, no doubt, Sterne, who was often a guest at Skelton Castle, in that neighbourhood, thereby became acquainted.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

M. E. Pilkington (stroke).

H. Legges.

J. A. Morrison.



C. M. Parnham.

V. Nickalls.

J. A. Ford.

A. B. Portman (cox).

W. A. L. Fletcher.

H. B. Cotton (bow).

THE OXFORD CREW.

R. F. Bayford.

G. A. Branson (bow).

T. G. Lewis (stroke).

R. G. Kerrison.

E. H. M. Waller.



C. T. Fogg-Elliott.

G. C. Kerr.

C. T. Agnes (cox).

L. A. E. Ollivant.

Photos by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

VILLA PALMIERI.

Since her Majesty's last visit to Florence, in 1888, the English have been as well informed as to the outward and inward appearance of the Villa Palmieri as the Florentines themselves. Therefore we will not now describe the villa in its actual state, but give a retrospective view of its history in former times.

The history begins as early as the thirteenth or fourteenth century, for in 1348 there already existed a "rich and beautiful palace in a lovely position" which was called the "Three Faces" (*Tre Visi*).

This was chosen by Boccaccio as the scene of his romance, and he describes his ten careless young people as strolling into it casually on the morning of the third day of story-telling after their flight from plague-stricken Florence.

Manni, in his "Illustrazioni" to the "Decameron," was the first to identify the villa, which has ever since been known as "Boccaccio's Villa." Its name was changed to *Schifa-noia*, or "Shun-dulness," by which the Tuscans called it till Matteo Palmieri gave it his name a century later. Boccaccio describes it as a "beautiful and rich palace placed on a picturesque height," as having a large and sunny cortile, a cellar full of the best wines, and with fountains and waterfalls, which, after embellishing the garden, become useful and turn two mills before they fall into the Mugnone.

Who the possessor was in the time of Boccaccio is not known. Possibly, as the poet knew the villa so well, he was a personal friend of Boccaccio. Its actual story begins with Matteo di Marco Palmieri, who bought it in 1454.

Matteo was a typical Florentine of the time of the Renaissance, when burghers and tradesmen were also scholars and held important political offices.

The Palmieri belonged to the *Arte degli Speziali*, and possessed a time-honoured pharmacy at the "Canto alle Rondini," where their arms—a palm between two lions rampant—are still to be seen sculptured on the façade of the house. The family came originally from the Mugello, and got its name from the fact of one of its members having carried the palm of victory sent to Otho I. on the defeat of Berengarius IV.

On settling in Florence in the thirteenth century the Palmieri soon became prominent citizens; several of them were elected Priors, and Matteo himself once obtained the honour of being made Gonfaloniere. He was born in 1400, just at the time when letters were so much valued. He was a scholar of Marsilio Ficino, and, as may be imagined, a perfect classical scholar.

Matteo was, too, a fluent and persuasive orator, and was repeatedly chosen as ambassador on very important missions. One was to King Alfonso at Naples; others to Pope Paul II. and the Republics of Bologna and Siena. He was also a great writer; his work entitled "*Vita Civile*" was so esteemed that it was translated into French. He wrote the life in Latin of the *Gran Siniscalco* (treasurer) Acciajoli, and several historic chronicles. After these serious works, Matteo went off into phantasy.

The Villa Palmieri was left at Matteo's death to his nephew, and continued in their line till the eighteenth century, when the family became extinct, the Commendatore Francesco Palmieri and his brother Leopoldo both dying without issue. The sister of Francesco married the author of that mine of information "*L'Osservatore Fiorentino*." The family villa had since 1764 been let to Lord Cowper by Francesco's father, Palmiero. Lord Cowper was possibly the original of the "*Inglese Matti*," "*Mad English*," which term has now become proverbial in Florence. He was extremely eccentric, and, having arrived at the City of Flowers in 1764, at the age of twenty-six, during his performance of the Grand Tour, he became so enamoured of the place that nothing would induce him to leave it afterwards, not even his father's dying entreaty.

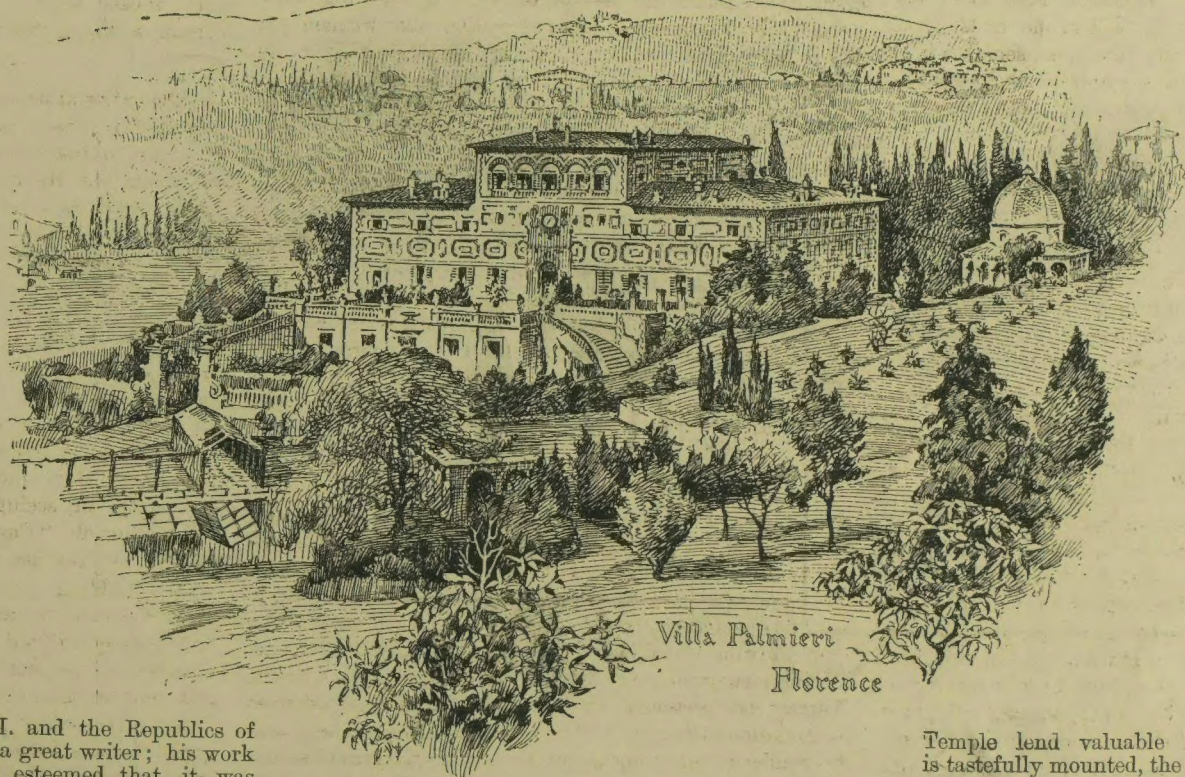
Certainly at that time Florence possessed many attractions. It contained a nucleus of English aristocracy, who made a large and social coterie. Sir Horace Mann was then the English Minister, and though he complained to Horace Walpole of the "*crowds of English*, who will be his ruin, as they all expect him to feast them," he never failed them in their expectations, but feasted them right royally in his palace on the Lung' Arno, near the Ponte Vecchio. Among his visitors were the Duchess of Grafton, Voltaire, the Earl and Countess of Northampton, the latter of whom died in Florence, Mr. Lyttleton, the Duke of York, Count and Countess Woronzow, the Chevalier Charles Edward Stuart (the Young Pretender) with his wife, the Countess of Albany, the Duke of Gloucester and his morganatic wife, Lady Orford, Lady Mary Coke, the Duke of Cumberland, &c.

It is said that the most potent attractions to Earl Cowper were the charms of a beautiful young Florentine lady with whom he was deeply in love. He made proposals of marriage, which were accepted, but they fell through when the contract came to be signed, for Lord Cowper insisted that if there were children they must be brought up as Protestants. Sir Horace Mann tried in

1773 to reconcile matters, but the lady's father was obdurate.

In 1768 Florence outvied herself in fêtes. Sir Horace Mann was invested with the Order of the Bath, and great dinners and balls were given to celebrate the occasion. The Minister himself gave a sumptuous dinner and ball; the whole palace was illuminated, and the "frequent and delicate refreshments" excited the admiration of the frugal Florentines. The day after this Earl Tylney entertained fifty-two guests at dinner to meet the new baronet. A contemporary chronicler, in the *Gazzetta di Firenze*, Oct. 29, 1768, says that "the dinner was served in three courses of forty dishes each," and that the dessert, which consisted of all kinds of sweets and confections, had in its midst a triumphal erection emblematic of the Order of the Bath. Sir Watkins Wynn, who then lived at the Villa Bruciati, followed suit with a dinner to sixty people, after which a concert and a ball took place.

But the fête of the season was the concert and ball given by young Lord Cowper at the Villa Palmieri. The whole villa and gardens were fantastically illuminated and decorated. A hundred and ninety guests were present, including the members of the Court of Florence, the Count of Rosenberg, Sir Horace Mann, and all the other foreign ambassadors. Handel's cantata "*Alexander's Feast*" was first sung in the music-hall, after which the large ball-room was thrown open, and dancing began. The adjoining apartments were prepared for games of all kinds, so that all tastes might be satisfied. In spite of his English eccentricity, Earl Cowper was much liked in Florentine society. He was a man of culture, and the exclusive society of the "*Crusca*" elected him honorary member of their learned body. The monument to Macchiavelli in Santa Croce is due in a great measure to his liberal contribution. He was on almost friendly terms with Duke Pietro Leopoldo, and was a constant visitor at Court. It was here that, some time after his first matrimonial disappointment, he met the Court belle Miss Gore, who with her father, a Lincolnshire county magnate, was wintering in Florence, where the Grand Duke was one of her fervent admirers. This



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO ITALY: HER MAJESTY'S RESIDENCE.

lady became in 1774 the wife of Earl Cowper, and by her talent for society rendered the fêtes at the Villa Palmieri famous for their brilliancy. Music seemed to have been the special delight of the young couple, and they gathered round them all the talent of the day. Here were heard the prime *donne* Elisabetta Melani and the famous Signora Morelli, better known as "*Corilla*," with the tenor Manzuoli, and Giacomo Veroli, the basso profondo; and here played the violinist *par excellence*, Pietro Nardini, who was the pet pupil of Tartini. He had for five years been fourth violinist at the Court of the King of Würtemberg, and was now chapel-master to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It was said that when he played the tones seemed to be more those of a human voice than of an instrument.

One evening a musical farce entitled "*Il Baron di Torreforte*" was performed at the Villa Palmieri. It had been composed for the occasion by Signor Niccolò Piccini, and was got up regardless of expense, the costumes being rich in the extreme. This also was followed by a ball and *squisiti rinfreschi*.

At the beginning of this century a rich English lady—Miss Farhill—purchased the Villa Palmieri, which she left in her will to the Grand Duchess Marie Antoinette. She accepted it as a gift, but found means to render an equivalent to the heirs of Miss Farhill. As a Grand Ducal residence we hear little of the Villa. Probably it was only used as a summer retreat, and not as a scene for Court festivities, which were mostly given at the Palazzo Pitti. About 1860 the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who, with his family, was spending the winter in Florence, purchased the Villa Palmieri and greatly embellished it, still preserving as much as possible its ancient form. As the Countess of Crawford has passed most of the years of her widowhood here, the Villa Palmieri has of late years been less the scene of festivities, till in 1888 it became the chosen home of her Imperial Majesty Queen Victoria. The year of her Majesty's stay in Florence was particularly brilliant, a whole party of reigning monarchs meeting together.

In Earl Cowper's time the villa may have been more gay, but never has it held such a party within its walls as on that April day in 1888 when the luncheon-table was surrounded with crowned heads. There were Queen Victoria herself, at the head, the King and Queen of Italy, the King and Queen of Würtemberg, the ill-fated Queen Natalie of Servia, and the Emperor and Empress of Brazil. Since then two or three of the party have died, and one has been disrowned, so that this year we have only good King Humbert and his Queen to meet our Empress.

One of the interesting events of the present royal visit to Florence will be the opening of the bazaar which has been promoted by the English residents for the enlargement of the English Church, which it is hoped Princess Beatrice will inaugurate in person.

"THE GOLDEN WEB," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Among theatrical managers there is said to be a strong prejudice against titles that have in them the words "gold" or "golden." It is believed that the pieces to which they are attached can never bring profit to the house. Evidently Mr. Horace Sedger has no faith in this superstition, any more than he had in that connected with opals (magic or otherwise), or he would not have hastened to produce at the Lyric Theatre Goring Thomas's posthumous opera, "*The Golden Web*," within a month of its first performance by the Carl Rosa Company at Liverpool. Perhaps he reckons it as a purely musical work, and in that case, of course, there is no fear, for among the successes of our day may be named "*The Golden Cross*" of Ignaz Brüll and "*The Golden Legend*" of Sir Arthur Sullivan. Certain it is that whatever popularity may be in store for "*The Golden Web*" will be wholly due to its musical merits. The story, despite its indebtedness to "*The Chaplain of the Fleet*," is inherently weak, and nothing short of complete reconstruction would make it really strong enough for a three-act opera. But one is content to submit to the inanities of Lord Silvertop, the silly *fauve pas* of Aunt

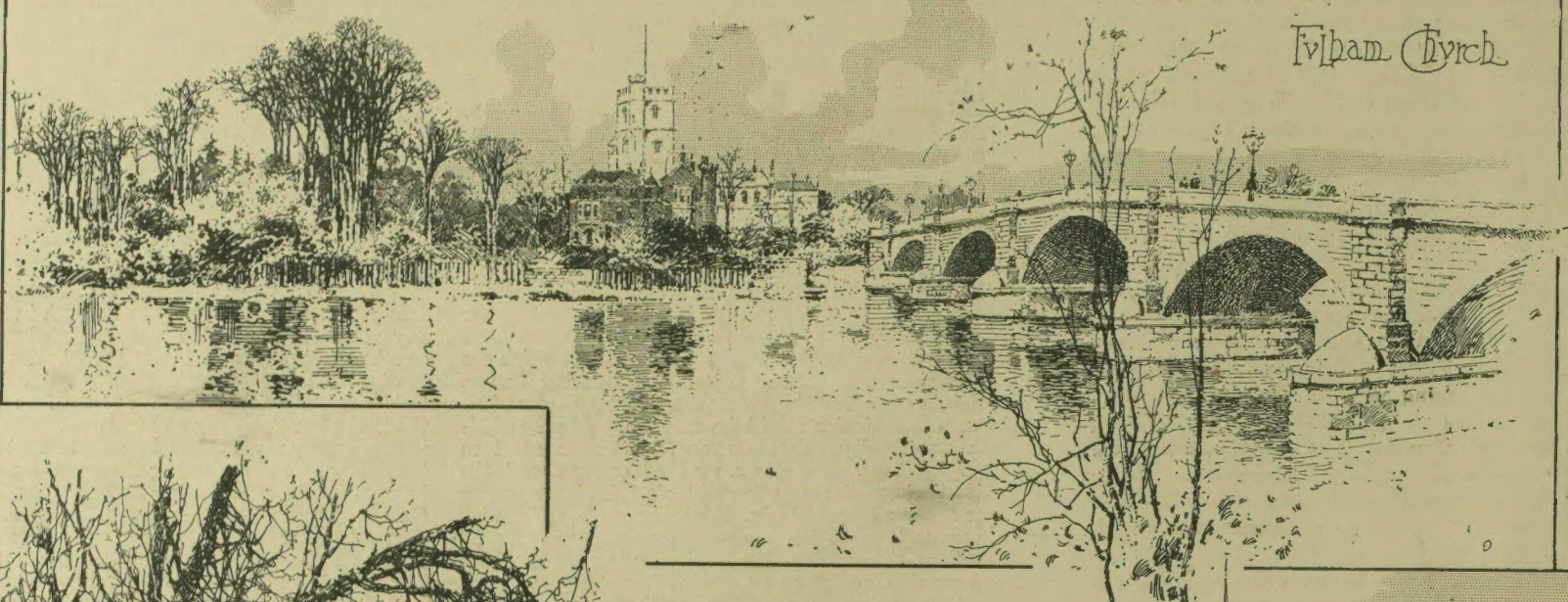
Pamela, and the coxcombical conduct of that *précieuse ridicule* Mr. Smug, for the sake of enjoying the engaging melodies and the exquisite touches of art that light up every page of Goring Thomas's clever score. There have been instances in the past of pretty and charming music making the fortune of an opera without the aid of a first-rate libretto, and we fancy it may happen again in the case of "*The Golden Web*." If a piquant and attractive heroine can help to achieve this result such a personage is assuredly forthcoming in Miss Alice Esty, who is far and away the best singer that has ever been heard at the Lyric Theatre. Her embodiment of Amabel Bullion is delightful in every sense. It were to be wished that the Geoffrey Norreys were not such a colourless individual; but, on the other hand, Mr. Wallace Brownlow sings Dr. Manacle's music in capital style, and both Madame Amadi and Mr. Richard

Temple lend valuable aid to the cast. The opera is tastefully mounted, the Ranelagh scene being particularly well done.

ROYAL COLLEGE STUDENTS IN GLUCK'S "ORPHEUS."

Gluck's "*Orpheus*" was performed for the second time at the Lyceum Theatre by the students of the Royal College of Music on Saturday afternoon, March 11, the audience on this occasion including his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (President of the College), the Duchess of Teck, and Princess Victoria of Teck. The representation was naturally marked by a greater degree of finish than that witnessed here in December last. The young performers played with more confidence and threw an increased measure of spirit and energy into their task. Miss Clara Butt, who repeated her striking impersonation of Orpheus, seemed more especially to have derived benefit from her former experience and from the kindly and encouraging criticism that her effort had awakened. Her attitudes and gestures were less angular; she bore herself with greater dignity and repose of manner; and an even deeper note of pathos seemed to pervade the utterances of the sorrow-laden hero. Miss Butt thus proved herself a thoughtful and intelligent student as well as a richly endowed singer, and the success of her future career became more than ever assured. Her rendering of "*Che farò*" was distinguished by notable beauty of tone and appropriateness of expression, and although a repetition was very properly refused the compliment implied by the asking for it was thoroughly deserved. The other characters were also filled as before. Miss Maggie Purvis again making an interesting and earnest Eurydice, Miss Ethel Cain a charming Eros, and Miss Blanche Reynolds, a graceful representative of the Wandering Spirit in the tableau interpolated just before the scene in the Elysian Fields. We had once more to note praiseworthy attention to detail on the part of the chorus and orchestra, the former atoning for want of numbers and sonority by singing with admirable purity of intonation and regard for *nuances*. The opera was carefully conducted by Professor Stanford, and excellently stage-managed by Mr. Richard Temple, both of whom had to come before the curtain at the close of the performance.

Pvney Bridge
and
Fvham Chyrch



Between
Pvney
and
Barnes.



Watching the
Crews practising in front of
The London and
Leander
Rowing Club

Barnes Bridge
from the Terrace

W. L. Tringham

The Ship at
Northlake



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

THE BLUES FROM THE BANK.

On the Saturday evening before the 'Varsity Boat-race of 1881, tradition has said that a very pleasant conversation passed between Mr. Moore, the Light Blue president, and Mr. West, the stroke of the Oxford boat, relating to the probabilities of victory or defeat. The Cambridge crew was then glutted with favour; the youth of the Stock Exchange, in a light-hearted and altogether frivolous spirit, had bet four to one upon her chances; the rowing reporter had written columns to prove that Oxford could not win; the race was quite settled upon paper, for the *ipse dixit* of the hoary-headed and all-sapient waterman had gone forth. But when Mr. Moore told Mr. West in his conversational manner that "he had him upon toast," Mr. West is said to have replied, "Well, take care that we don't slip off." It is now a matter of common knowledge that this aquatic slide was accomplished. Oxford did slip off with a lead of four lengths, which their opponents never regained; and the young men of Threadneedle Street thereon set themselves up to bawl that the Oxford time had been hidden from them, and that something was wrong somewhere. This was gratuitous childishness. The *de facto* argument was unanswerable; the rowing reporter who had quoted the "other man's" opinion was simply mistaken, and the better crew won.

It is well to remember this history when writing of the race which is to take place on Wednesday, March 22. During many days we have been told that the matter is settled. The Oxford crew has a "long and powerful" stroke—words of blessed use to the landsman; the Cambridge eight



THE CREWS PRACTISING AT PUTNEY.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.



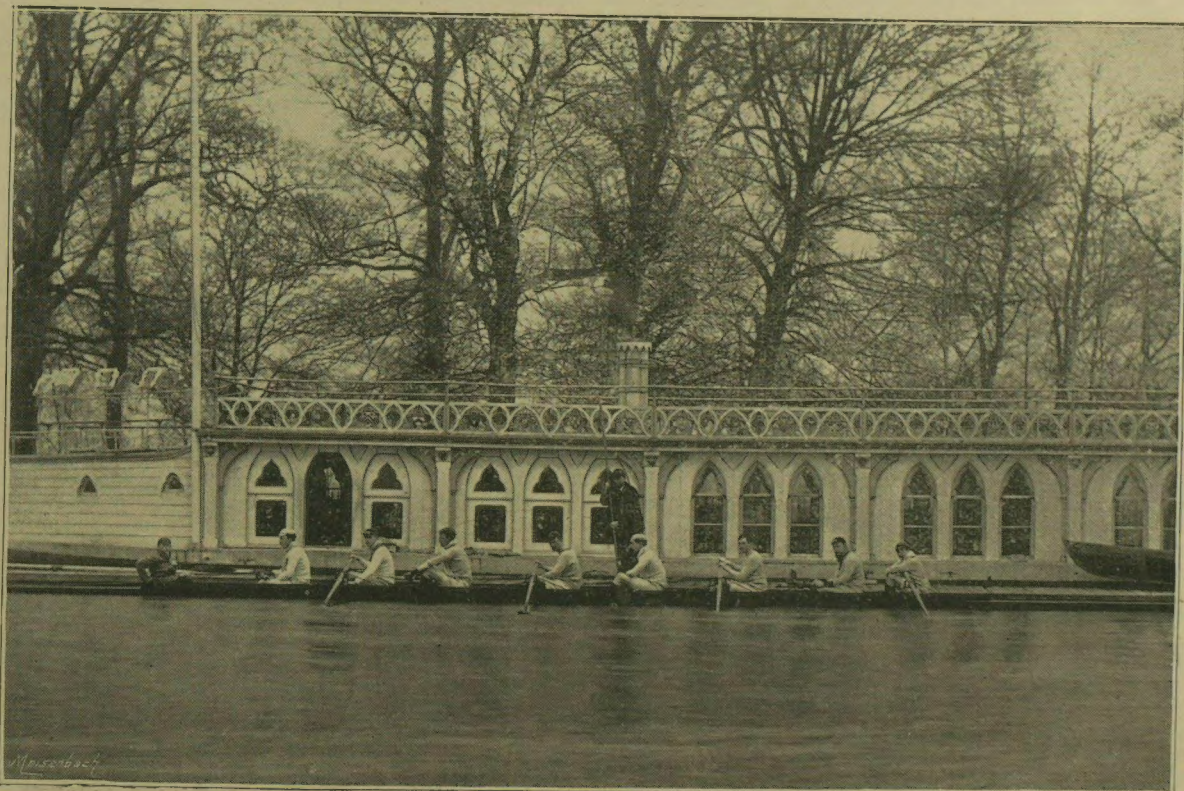
PUTTING OFF.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. Neill was ordered ashore by the whole of the local medical faculty, and the Hall man alone remained. Then came the search about, principally in the First and Third Trinity boat-houses. The result was the discovery of a pretty but light bow in Mr. Branson, of "First"; of an admirable Etonian, Mr. Kerrison, for seven; and of a good but clumsy five in Mr. Ollivant, who was ninth man last year. After many changes, the headship was given to Mr. Lewis, of "Third," who is very far from an ideal man, but who has rowed some plucky races, and who can stay the course. With Mr. Bayford called in at the last moment to row at "two," and the winner of the Colquhouns, Mr. Waller, of Corpus, at four, a fair boat on paper was made up, and practice on the tideway began.

Thus far was the matter one of paper speculation. Since that time it has been a matter of prophecy on the *dies diem docet* principle. From the first we saw clearly that one unpardonable fault existed in the Light Blue boat. The men clipped their finish appallingly, unmindful of all the canons and pathetic pleadings of the great father Muttelbury. The head of the offending naturally was stroke. Not a light man for the place, certainly suffering from no hurry on the part of seven and six, he has fallen into the habit of dropping over his oar at the finish, and refusing to let his blade row itself out. The effect on the heavy weights, Kerr and Ollivant, is simply disastrous. Having no time to get their hands away, they force their blades out of the water, and fall to bucketing on half a provocation. Nor are the bows behindhand when anything like a quick stroke is set. Then the whole

is altogether so short, so feeble, and so ragged that a pound to a penny might well represent the odds of the issue. This opinion is not limited to the mere critic with the half-a-dozen stock aquatic phrases; it is shared by many competent and astute judges; and it is the opinion of the "yards," whose view is not lightly to be put aside. For the matter of that, it has been an *a priori* argument with many since first they learned that seven old blues might row for the Dark Blues, while no more than three could possibly row for Cambridge. These are the people who add up the weights upon paper, and then go for victory or defeat on the mere arithmetical calculation. It was known to such reckoners very early in the year that Mr. W. A. L. Fletcher had an easy task in forming the Oxford crew. Mr. Pitman, *nomen in nominis umbræ*, would row again; Mr. Nickalls, of Magdalen, heavy, rough, but a mighty worker, was ready for five's thwart; Mr. Ford would serve at two, and well, as he served last year; while that prettiest of later-day bows, Mr. Cotton, was ready to swing straight in his old seat. To this number several promising Freshmen were to be added. Mr. Pilkington, a "fresher" from Eton, came to Magdalen with a great reputation; Mr. Morrison, of New, was found to be a weighty and very powerful three; Mr. Legge, of Trinity, brought twelve stone twelve pounds to four's thwart, and, if clumsy, was undoubtedly a worker. But, on the other side a very different picture was to be seen. Mr. Kerr had from his last year's eight only Mr. Fogg-Elliot and Mr. Neill, of Jesus.

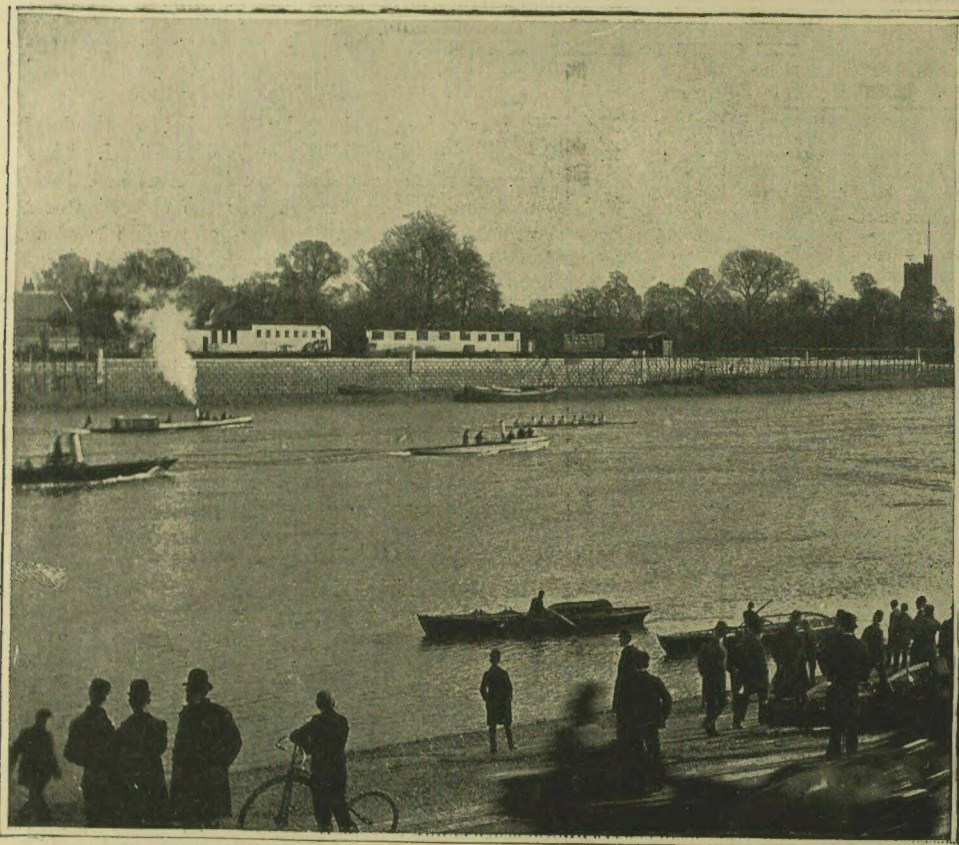


THE OXFORD CREW AT HOME.

Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

of the work is ragged to a degree unusual in high-class rowing. And yet, the pity of it! for I have seen some beautiful pieces of paddling done by this eight at a stroke of thirty-two, and note the widespread opinion that with a stroke who had not the fault the crew would be of more than average merit. As it is, no man can say what the race will bring forth in the way of improvement in this one cardinal defect. The probabilities are that, starting at forty or forty-two, the men will bucket themselves out at the Soap Works, and have no life in them when the crisis of the rush has passed. It is this fault alone which makes Oxford such strong favourites, and leads one to doubt that the history of the race of 1881 is of any value in the forecast.

The Oxford crew, on the other hand, is not a pretty one, but mere ornament rightly goes for little when a four-and-a-half mile course has to be rowed. I remember at once that this eight is perpetuating the style of which the elder Nickalls, Muttelbury, and Lord Amptill were the fathers. It is a style wherein the use of the legs all through the stroke is made almost of primary importance, a style which allows the blade to be rowed right out at the finish, which emphasises the need of a steady swing forward even at high-pressure, which forbids a fantastic attempt to beat at the water for a beginning. It is not a pretty style to see, but there is none more useful over any course, nor any which embodies so entirely all the scientific principles of rowing. Pilkington is absolutely the stroke to set a good lead in a boat which starts work on such sound fundamental ideas. He, as an Etonian, may be relied on to row a stroke of fifty if the need should be, as of course it will not; but he has six Etonians behind him, and since these have rowed together for years they should not lack knowledge of one another when the pinch comes. As a matter of fact, the chief worth of a pupil of Dr. Warre is his ability to row a race. The historic account of the Third Trinity club is that no member of it ever trains, but that its men can last the Cambridge course trained or untrained. And certainly these seven Etonians in the Oxford boat



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE: MORNING PRACTICE.

will last the course, as will the one by no means "little stranger," Mr. Legge, when Wednesday comes. Their presence alone accounts for the favouritism shown to Oxford, a favouritism I consider fully warranted by all that has happened during the days of practice on the towpath.

Up to the time of writing this no "line" between the eights has been possible. Last Saturday Oxford went from Barnes to Putney Bridge in 16 min. 47 sec., which would give them a course in 19 min. 40 sec. roughly. No such good performance has been done by the Light Blues, who have always had a couple of seconds or more the worst of any spurt between bridges. Indeed, so far as tests go they correspond entirely with the deductions from form, and point clearly to an Oxford victory.

M. P.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours opens its proceedings every year with a dinner, and this was held in due course last week, with the President, Sir James Linton, in the chair. The Duke of Teck and Prince Louis of Battenberg were on either side of him, and besides the members of the Royal Institute there was a considerable gathering of collectors, amateurs, painters from other societies, and critics. Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the junior R.A., was the only member of the Academy present, in recognition of the extremely beautiful badge of office which, a few years ago, he made and presented to the President of the Institute. The speeches were not remarkable for oratorical merit: one gentleman indulged his audience with long quotations from Homer and Virgil. Mr. Leonard Courtenay's sallies were much relished, coming after Mr. Comyns Carr's somewhat unappreciative comments on Parliament. Dr. A. C. Mackenzie was very warmly received. Among the other guests were Sir John Pender, Mr. A. Stuart Wortley, Mr. Cuthbert Quilter, M.P., Prebendary Whittington, Colonel Grove, C.B., and other well-known persons. The private views were on Thursday and Friday, and many pictures, as we are happy to learn, found purchasers.

PERSONAL.

"One of Charlotte Brontë's most intimate friends, Miss Mary Taylor—the Rose Yorke of 'Shirley' and the 'M.' of Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life'—died recently at High Royd, Yorkshire, at the age of seventy-six, and was buried on Saturday, March 4, at Gomersal."



THE LATE MISS MARY TAYLOR.

The fact that the above statement in the *Athenæum* was all but ignored in the London daily press would seem to indicate that the keen interest which was at one time felt in every Brontë tradition has quite passed away. Miss Taylor and Miss Nussey, with their school-mistress, Miss Wooler, form the most prominent figures in Mrs. Gaskell's charming biography of the Brontë family. Miss Wooler died long since, and now Miss Nussey alone remains. Miss Taylor, whose father also is figured forth in "Shirley," was, curiously enough, the least communicative of Miss Brontë's old friends. She wrote books and essays, but she strenuously refused to write or to speak about her early associates at Roe Hill.

"When Mary Taylor first came to Roe Hill" (writes one of her old school-fellows) "she was a pretty, delicate-looking girl, and I have heard Miss Wooler say that she thought her too pretty to live. She was clever and studious, and among all the girls in the school was second only to Charlotte Brontë in ability. Even then, however, she possessed some of the eccentricity which was not unnoticeable in later years. For the last month at school she utterly refused to do any lessons, and went her own way in determined silence, because Miss Wooler had insisted upon studies which she did not like. Charlotte's frank and generous estimate of her friend in the 'Life' is, however, entirely accurate. In later life her combined capriciousness and kindness became more emphasised, but then, as ever, she was a good and true woman—worthy of the honourable place she is long destined to hold in a wonderful literary history." Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker Street.

Mr. Edmund Yates writes from San Remo as follows: "In your interesting article on the Athenæum Club there is an error which you may like to set right. It was not at that club, but at the old Garrick, in King Street, Covent Garden, that Charles Kemble, in the middle of a thunderstorm, and just after a peal which shook the house, remarked, in the blunt manner of a deaf man, 'I think we're going to have some thunder,' adding, what is not mentioned by your contributor, 'I feel it in my knees.' I can vouch for the truth of this, as I was present on the occasion. Your contributor further writes 'that Charles Kemble might often be heard asking in his most theatrical tones for 'Bread, with a dash of black tay.' Mr. Kemble might, of course, have inverted the usual order of tea and bread-and-butter, but he was, even in extreme old age, when I knew him, an elegant and courteous gentleman, a purist in style and enunciation, and it is wholly unlikely that he should have called for 'tay.'"

Dean Owen—as the newly appointed Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter, is still called—is one of the ablest controversialists the Church in Wales has ever produced. Indeed, much regret was expressed that, in view of the certain attack to be made upon the Church in the Principality, he last year gave up the leisure of a deanery for the hard and constant work involved in the principalship of a college. But that his presence at the helm at Lampeter will be a great acquisition no one can doubt; while his letters which have appeared in the public press within the last few days show that he still means to use his trenchant pen in the interests of the Church of his birth. He had a brilliant career at Oxford, where he took his degree in 1876. He was ordained three years later to a professorship at St. David's College. In 1885 he was appointed to the head-mastership of Llandovery College, and in 1889 he became

Dean of St. Asaph on the nomination of Bishop A. G. Edwards. It was then that he first attracted public attention. He examined with great care the Liberationist position, and he lost no opportunity of exposing what he considered its weaknesses and defects. He was unsparing in his exposure, and he quickly stepped into the front rank of Church defenders. His efforts in this direction were the subject of a graceful allusion by the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Rhyl Church Congress. But while the Liberationists learned to fear him they never ceased to respect him. Indeed, it would be difficult for anyone not to admire him. He conducts his controversies in a kind, gentlemanly, courteous spirit, and now that the Church in Wales has entered upon the hour of her trial his services will stand her in good stead. Socially, he is the most charming of men.

There is some talk (writes a Lobby correspondent) as to dissensions in the Government in regard to the decision to postpone the Home Rule Bill until after Easter. The leaders of the postponement party are said to have been Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Fowler, and there are internal reasons which make such a development probable enough. Sir William has certainly not shown much spirit in his rejoinders to Mr. Balfour, and it is curious that the strikingly tame tone adopted by the Government in the House has been most conspicuous when the Chancellor of the Exchequer was responsible for it. Mr. Fowler is said to have concluded that as the Opposition were immovable, and as the Speaker would not consent to the closure, the Government had better get on with their English business between this and Easter. This, in any case, is the decision. We shall have the Employers' Liability Bill read a second time and the Parish Councils Bill introduced. That will not be in any way a brilliant record, but it will save the opening part of the Session from complete barrenness.

Meanwhile (writes the same correspondent) the Opposition are jubilant—as jubilant as the Irishmen are angry. The latter are naturally sore with the Government, though it is not likely that their irritation will have any lasting or serious result. They expected that the Government would press matters, and they had arranged for a big fight, with night and day sittings and all the accompaniments of a pitched Parliamentary battle. But Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have won, and there is no use disguising the completeness of their victory. Also, the triumph is in no small degree a success for Lord Randolph. He it was who first threw spirit into the rather flagging campaign of the Unionists. He it was who evoked the fighting mood which has now got possession of the entire party that sits to the left of the Speaker. Of course, the tide may turn again; but at present it is not running in favour of the Government, and especially of the Home Rule Bill.

One of the most curious personal incidents of the last few days has been Mr. Beaufoy's decision to place his resignation in the hands of his constituents, in face of his changed views on the Local Option Bill. The facts are a little curious. Mr. Beaufoy pledged himself in his election address to vote for Local Option. But he is a wine manufacturer, and the tremendous outburst of anger from the whole liquor trade has a good deal affected his business. He has had orders refused, and he has been asked satirically whether he is going to decree his own ruin. He has, however, pursued a very straightforward course, which is not likely to terminate his Parliamentary career. He is popular in Kennington, his local strength is considerable, and he has already got the pledge of the Temperance party not to oppose him.

A new work by Antonin Dvorák naturally attracted many musicians to the Crystal Palace last Saturday afternoon, where for the first time in England his Mass in D had the advantage of a well-nigh faultless rendering under the conductorship of Mr. August Manns. The son of a Bohemian innkeeper, Dvorák only learned his early love of music from peregrinating performers. Going to Vienna, he gained a scholarship, which served to encourage and increase his already evident talents. National life has usually inspired Dvorák's muse, although his "Stabat Mater," by which his admirers in this country remember him best, has no sign of this. In 1885 "The Spectre's Bride" was produced at the Birmingham Festival with considerable success, which, however, hardly followed the first hearing of "St. Ludmilla" at Leeds in 1886. Dvorák's "Requiem" sealed his reputation with the

stamp of genuine genius. He has been a visitor to England on more than one occasion, although few were aware that the attentive listener with the Slavonic cast of countenance at the last Handel Festival was none other than Dr. Antonin Dvorák. After the careful attention



ANTONIN DVORAK.

which the vocalists—Madame Clara Samuëll, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. Edwin Houghton, and Mr. Andrew Black—and the Crystal Palace choir and orchestra gave to the Mass, there will be additional anxiety to judge more definitely of its value as a composition (written about six years ago) by this undoubted musician. Our portrait is from a photograph by Sarony, of New York.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen left London on Friday afternoon, March 10, returning to Windsor Castle, accompanied by the Empress, Frederick of Germany and Princess Henry of Battenberg. At the Queen's dinner party next day Mr. Robert Lincoln, the United States Minister, and Mrs. Lincoln, Sir William Harcourt and Lady Harcourt, and the Right Hon. H. W. Fowler, M.P., were among the invited guests. The Queen and the Empress Frederick and Princess Henry of Battenberg honoured Mr. Russell, photographer, of Baker Street, with sittings, on March 13, at Windsor Castle. The Queen's departure for Italy on Monday, March 20, has already been announced.

The Prince of Wales held a Levée at St. James's Palace on Monday, March 13, on behalf of her Majesty. On Saturday, March 11, he attended a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum; and in the afternoon, with the Duchess of Teck and Princess May of Teck, was at the Lyceum Theatre to hear Gluck's "Orpheus" performed by the students of the Royal College of Music. On March 13 his Royal Highness dined with Lord Vernon and the Gentlemen-at-Arms at St. James's Palace. The Prince next day gave a dinner party, at which the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught were present, with many officers of the Army and Navy.

The Princess of Wales, with the Duke of York and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, on board the royal yacht Osborne in the Mediterranean, visited Leghorn on March 13, and next day viewed the neighbouring city of Pisa.

The London County Council on March 14 re-elected Mr. John Hutton as Chairman for the year. It was resolved to ask power to borrow £6,872,000. On the report of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee, the Council decided not to contribute to the purchase of the Alexandra Palace and Park.

A public meeting, the Lord Mayor presiding, was held at the Mansion House on March 8 to promote the opening of museums and galleries of art on Sundays. The Dean of Rochester, the Rector of St. Saviour's, Southwark, Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Alderman Tillet, of the London County Council, and Mr. Passmore Edwards took part in the proceedings. Resolutions were unanimously passed declaring that public picture galleries and museums should be opened after two o'clock on Sunday afternoon and evening. These resolutions were to be sent to the Government, the City Corporation, the trustees of the British Museum and the directors of the National Gallery, of the South Kensington Museum, and of the Bethnal Green Museum.

A meeting of parents and guardians of pupils of St. Paul's School was held on March 11 at Kensington Townhall, to consider the draft scheme of the Charity Commissioners for the future management of that school, which is situated at Hammersmith; and resolutions were unanimously passed deprecating the proposed restriction of a third part of the open scholarships. The expenses of the school are now about £19,000 a year, and the new scheme reduces to £8000 a year the amount granted by the Mercers' Company.

Professor R. C. Jebb, M.P., of Cambridge University, delivered an eloquent lecture on Greek studies on March 11 in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, in connection with the London branch of the University Extension Society.

At the Central Criminal Court, on March 14, before Mr. Justice Hawkins, the trial of Charles Wells, a pretended mechanical inventor and patent agent, for obtaining by fraud large sums of money from Miss Catherine Phillimore and other persons, ended in a verdict of guilty and a sentence of eight years' penal servitude. Wells owned several pleasure-yachts, and became famous, some months ago, by his exploit in breaking the gambling bank at Monte Carlo.

The French political scandals arising from the Panama Canal prosecutions have assumed a phase still more discreditable in the trial of persons formerly in high office, Senators and members of the Chamber of Deputies, concerned in bribery, transactions. This trial began on Wednesday, March 8, in the Court of Assize at the Palais de Justice, before the President, M. Pilet Desjardins, and other judges. Nine of the ten defendants appeared; namely, M. Charles de Lesseps and M. Fontane, already condemned to imprisonment and fines as fraudulent directors of the Panama Canal Company; M. Baihaut, who was Minister of Public Works in 1886; M. Blondin, managing clerk of the Crédit Lyonnais; M. Sans Leroy, also M. Béral, a Senator, M. Dugué de Fauconnerie, and M. Gobron, Deputies who were members of the Parliamentary committees in 1886, 1887, and 1888 on the Panama Company's Lottery Bill; finally, M. Antonin Proust, an ex-Minister; the tenth defendant, M. Arton, a financier associated with late Baron Reinach and with Dr. Cornelius Herz, has not yet been apprehended. Each of the defendants in court made a statement of his own conduct in reply to the indictment. M. Charles de Lesseps declared that both the Crédit Lyonnais and Baron Reinach got each five or six million francs as their share in the syndicate formed to raise funds for the Panama Company; also that M. Herz, who was a partner with M. Clémenceau, the leader of the Radical party, in the proprietorship of the newspaper, *La Justice*, and who had much influence with the Government, extorted large sums, which were given to him on the recommendation of M. de Freycinet and M. Floquet, then Ministers, as part of the money was to be used in paying various newspapers to oppose General Boulanger. M. Baihaut confessed that he received a bribe of 375,000f., of which 70,000f. went to Blondin as commission. Several members of the Parliamentary committees proved that offers of money were made to purchase their votes in favour of the Panama Loan or Lottery Bills. On March 10 M. Clémenceau and the two eminent ex-Ministers, M. Floquet and M. Freycinet, were called as witnesses. M. Floquet emphatically denied the statement of M. Charles de Lesseps; he asserted that he had nothing to do with either Baron Reinach or M. Herz, and had never advised the Panama Company to give them any money, or borrowed any from that company. M. de Freycinet

and M. Clémenceau likewise met the statements concerning their intervention with a direct denial, only explaining that they had privately urged the directors of the company to settle its dispute with Reinach, as it was threatening an agitation that would be injurious to the country. On Saturday, March 11, Madame Cottu, wife of one of the Panama directors under sentence of imprisonment, stated that she had been sent for, on Jan. 7 this year, to the Ministry of the Interior, by two Government officials, who promised to set her husband at liberty if he could furnish any documents implicating members of the "Right," or Royalist Opposition party. In consequence of this incident, M. Bourgeois, the Minister of Justice, instantly resigned office, and came forward as a witness in the court, on Monday, when he denied having ever authorised any person to give a promise to anybody interested in the trial. The charge was denied also by M. Loubet, who was Minister of the Interior at that date. A vote of confidence in the present Government of M. Ribot was passed by a majority of 297 to 228 in the Chamber, after these exculpations. The Senate next day, by a vote of 206 to 56, passed a similar resolution.

The Committee of the German Reichstag, on March 10, came to an adverse vote on the most important sections of the Imperial Army Bills, rejecting the proposed addition to the present effective strength of the army on a peace footing. In this vote the Ultramontane, the Radical, and the Socialist Democratic members combined against the Imperial Government and the Conservatives, though some of the Radicals would have accepted the increase in the strength of infantry battalions and of the artillery on condition of getting the reduced term of service, two years, enacted by law for all classes, without distinction or favour. The Government had only 84 supporters in an assembly which numbers 397. It is expected that the Bills will finally be withdrawn or defeated in the first week of April, and that the Reichstag will then be dissolved.

A Russian circular diplomatic despatch has been sent to the European Courts, stating the views of Russia with regard to the Bulgarian Government "and its methods," and intimating that Russia is still determined not to recognise Prince Ferdinand as the ruler of that country, or to sanction the hereditary succession, which was not settled by the Treaty of Berlin. Russia, however, "does not intend to interfere, but contents herself with awaiting events."

The civil governor of Madrid, at the last moment, prohibited the opening on Friday, March 10, of the new Protestant Episcopalian church in that city.

In the United States of America President Cleveland has withdrawn the proposed treaty for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands; but as the President is favourable to some change in the relations between the United States and Hawaii, and is anxious to have further information, he will probably send a Commission to Honolulu to report on the existing conditions. The Hawaiian Commissioners in Washington will confer with the Secretary of State.

A great fire took place at Boston, Massachusetts, on March 10, in a block known as Ames Buildings, at the corner of Essex and Lincoln Streets, occupied by several firms. The flames attacked the Horace Partridge Building and the United States Hotel. In the former a quantity of fireworks was stored, which exploded. The Singer Sewing Machine building was destroyed, and two girls employed there perished. The damage to property is estimated at three million dollars. Thirty other persons were injured, and some of them have died.

Lord Roberts, the retiring Commander-in-Chief of the army in India, has been entertained with a farewell banquet at Calcutta, and it is proposed to erect an equestrian bronze statue of him. The Ameer Abdurrahman of Afghanistan has sent to the Viceroy of India, by Mr. Pyne, an engineer, a very stiff letter, declining to admit British interference in his affairs, but expressing his willingness to co-operate in any proposed measures to secure the integrity of the north-western frontier of India. He says that the armaments in his territory are designed to meet any attack from either the Russians or the English, but he considers the English his best friends. He desires, however, to be treated on terms of neutrality, and will not accept dictation.

The death on Sunday, March 5, of his Highness Seyyid Ali, the Sultan of Zanzibar, an Arab Mohammedan State, consisting chiefly of the two islands, Zanzibar and Pemba, off the coast of East Africa in the Indian Ocean, with a population of nearly 200,000, will probably not have any serious political consequences. Under the settlement made in 1891, Zanzibar is placed under a British Protectorate, while the extensive dominion of the neighbouring mainland coasts is divided between the Imperial British East Africa Company to the north, and the German Imperial Government, or German East Africa Association, to the south of the Umba River. The late Sultan, born in 1855, was brother to his predecessors, Sultan Burghash, who died in 1888, and Sultan Khalifa, who reigned from 1888 to February 1890. He is now succeeded by Hamid bin Thwain, the grandson of another brother. The Acting British Consul-General and Political Agent, Mr. Rennell Rodd, promptly took measures to establish the new Sultan's authority, supported by a guard from the British naval squadron, in co-operation with General Lloyd Matthews, President of the Ministry, and Captain Hatch, the Minister of the Army and Police.

The colony of New South Wales, as well as Queensland, has been visited by destructive floods, Newcastle and suburbs, Maitland, Cassilis, Singleton, Raymond Terrace, and other places being partially submerged. The railway traffic on the Northern line is suspended, and 4000 miners have been thrown out of work. The damage to crops and property is enormous.

At Melbourne, on March 8, the trial of the directors, accountant, and auditors of the Anglo-Australian Bank, for issuing a false balance-sheet, resulted in a verdict of guilty against all the defendants. Sentence was deferred.

In Queensland, the Premier, Sir Samuel Griffith, having accepted the office of Chief Justice, the Ministry has resigned, and the Hon. Hugh Muir Nelson has undertaken to form a new Government.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Political fortune is notoriously fickle, a truism which the Government have had disagreeable reason to appreciate. All went swimmingly with them at first. They secured thumping majorities early in the Session, and their opponents seemed to be hopelessly disorganised. But the meeting at the Carlton Club changed all that. The Opposition awoke to the full extent of their opportunities, and proceeded to use them without stint. Mr. Gladstone had set his mind on getting the Home Rule Bill read a second time before Easter, and the Unionists were equally resolute to prevent it. The Government took morning sittings twice a week to make progress with the Supply which must be granted before the Easter adjournment. It was soon manifest that a resolve to discuss the votes so as to consume time made the Opposition masters of the situation. This began to be clear on the evening when Lord Wolmer called attention to the report of Lord Wantage's Committee on the condition of the Army—always a fruitful theme to eloquent colonels and still more eloquent civilians. Mr. Arnold Forster drew a laboriously awful picture of our military weakness, Mr. Stanhope was optimistic at great length, Sir Charles Dilke issued warnings, and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman strove to steer a middle course. Result: a Ministerial majority of fifty-eight, but no progress. On the following day the entire morning sitting was devoted to debate on the question whether the House should sit on Saturday. Mr. Gladstone moved a resolution to that effect and then vanished, leaving an astonished House panting for the expected eloquence which never came. The explanation was that Mr. Gladstone had gone to see the Queen, and new members wondered whether he would find her in the parlour eating bread-and-honey. There was no honey, however, in the proceedings which ensued in his absence. Mr. Chamberlain said he would "do his utmost" to prevent the second reading of the Home Rule Bill before he had conferred about it with his constituents. Mr. Labouchere said that "doing your utmost" meant obstruction, and he favoured the Opposition with a little lecture on the art of which he is an acknowledged professor. The afternoon wore on, and new Liberal members, who fondly supposed that the closure was a simple contrivance like a bell-pull or an electric button, which had only to be touched to evoke an instant response, discovered that the Speaker is not an automatic figure, to be worked by this elementary machinery. At last the Government defeated an amendment by a majority of only twenty-one, and carried the resolution by a majority of twenty-seven.

No doubt this unlooked-for poverty of numbers was due to the absenteeism of Irish members, but it cast the shadow of coming discomfiture over the Ministerial ranks. The Saturday sitting dragged its listless length from noon till half-past eight in the evening, and the only practical gain was that of Surgeon-Major Briggs, whose claim to be reinstated in the Army was conceded by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman on condition that an obnoxious letter was withdrawn. It was queer irony of fate which brought this stroke of luck to Dr. Briggs in the very crisis of the embarrassments of a powerful Ministry. A private grievance snatched redress from the brink on which a great policy toppled towards disaster. Result of the Saturday sitting: the triumph of Briggs and checkmate to Gladstone (I commend this to some budding genius as a good subject for an allegorical fresco). For it was now plain that the Government would not persevere with any hope of getting the imperative votes in Supply in time to take the second reading of their Irish Bill before the recess. On the Monday this failure of Ministerial strategy was confessed, and the Liberals sat in dumb desperation while their opponents vociferously chortled. On the brow of Mr. Heneage the laurels of his great victory at Grimsby seemed to put forth new and radiant shoots. Mr. Heneage had already endeared himself to the House by declaring that when he went to church on the Sunday before the Grimsby election the odds on him were two to one—a sporting reminiscence which suggested a piquant vision of the churchgoers of Grimsby making "books" that were not prayer-books. But even the halo of Mr. Heneage paled before the news that Mr. Gladstone was ill, and what threatened to be the sullen chagrin of his party was turned to chastened lament by the temporary prostration of their chief. By a providential dispensation their spirits revived under the stimulating influence of Mr. T. W. Russell, who delivered himself of long pent-up wrath against the Evicted Tenants Commission. He screamed and he bellowed and he twisted himself into knots. He was pulled up short in this wild career to apologise to Mr. Hopwood, the Recorder of Liverpool, whom he accused of letting scoundrels loose upon society. It was an able speech, made almost intolerable by physical frenzy. Mr. William O'Brien, who has a habit of lashing himself into similar tantrums, was eager to follow Mr. Russell, but fortunately for the tortured tympanum Mr. Morley interposed with by far the best speech he has made in the House for years. Result: majority of thirty-seven for the Government and passing of vote for the Evicted Tenants Commission, whose report, for all practical purposes, is a dead-letter.

At the following sitting Ministers were cheered by the unwonted celerity of Supply. They actually got the money for stationery, and satisfied the curiosity of Mr. James Lowther about the consumption of lead pencils in the public service. I trembled lest this rapid progress should turn their heads. But sobriety was restored to them by the reminder that Mr. Conybeare is still a member of the Liberal party. Mr. Conybeare wrote a letter to an evening paper, and this was brought under the Speaker's notice as a breach of privilege. The Speaker dismissed the matter as unworthy of serious attention. But while Ministers were in the full flush of joy over their envelopes and lead pencils, up rose Mr. Conybeare and solemnly said that he had written his letter in the train, and never expected that it would be published. Then dejection reigned once more on the Treasury bench.



"THE GOLDEN WEB," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



"ORPHEUS," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, BY THE STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

THE REBEL. QUEEN

By

WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER XI.
THE "FRIEND OF LABOUR."



HE office of the *Friend of Labour*—Editor and Proprietor, Mr. Anthony Hayling—consists of an outer and an inner room, the ground-floor of a little old house wedged in between two big modern ones. The house is so old that it has the projecting

wooden windows and gable of three hundred years ago. Its floors are uneven. It would have fallen long ago but for the friendly support of its neighbours. It might be a beautiful house but for its shabby condition and the want of new paint, which make it retreat between its younger neighbours as far as it can. The windows, however, are bright because the tenant, the above-named Editor and Proprietor, cleans them with his own hands once every week from top to bottom. For the same reason—namely, that the tenant himself scrubs the floors—the house within is clean.

The paper is sold in the front office to the few who buy it. The boy who dispenses it and watches over the till finds the work all too light for his energies. In the room at the back sits, all day long, the Editor. Here he writes the paper; here he cuts out the extracts which mostly fill its eight columns,

here he passes the proofs; here he spends the greater part of the day. The two tables are littered with papers—English, American, French, German, and Italian. The paper contains nothing but articles and news belonging to the world of labour; there is always a leading article by the Editor. I believe it makes rather heavy reading; but if anybody knew of this paper, and could make a complete collection of the numbers from the beginning, he would possess a most precious record of all that has been attempted, taught, done, and—in condensed form—said on the Labour question for the last ten or twelve years; for it is now about that time since the *Friend of Labour* began its career.

This afternoon the Editor sat, as usual, in his back office. He had turned his chair to the fire and put his feet on the fender, gazing into the empty fireplace. On the table, among the piles of papers, lay the editorial tools—the paste and the scissors, the writing-pad and the pen, and the tobacco-box. In the editor's right hand was a long pipe, charged ready for the inspiring touch of flame. But he did not light that pipe; he sat with meditative head; he was dejected; he beat a tattoo upon the arm of his chair with his left hand.

He was a man between fifty and sixty; the lines of his face were fine, though age and perhaps trouble had robbed him of his old comeliness and brought up the bones and corrugated the forehead. His eyes were deep and clear, set beneath a perplexed and shaggy brow; he looked, as he was, a kindly creature, kindly and thoughtful. This twofold quality permits itself to be read in the face of every man who possesses it. His hair was an iron grey and his beard, which grew behind, not upon, his chin, was white; his hand

showed more knuckle than is common among penmen; it looked like a hand which had done rough work. He wore an old blue jacket, a comfortable old jacket convenient for work. He had no waistcoat, and an old leather belt served him instead of braces. His necktie was a running knot, the ends lying loose ready to fly free after the fashion of the old portraits. He had been a sailor, this Editor: it was more than a dozen years since he had changed his profession, but he looked a sailor still.

Outside—it was the less desirable side of the main thoroughfare—the stream of life passed along the broad pavement, always a double current up and down. People stopped to look in the shop windows as they passed, but no one cared to look at the windows of this office, though a copy of the paper was pasted on the glass within for all who chose to read. Nobody turned into the office to buy a copy; the current number lay piled on the counter; the boy behind the counter sat in his place upon the office-stool, and, with his head reclined on the paper, was fast asleep. The office cat basked and purred in the sunshine of the office window, the blue-bottles which belonged to the fried-sausage shop three doors off and had got to this place by mistake buzzed about the windows. The place had a peaceful and a retired aspect. A business man would have found the show of trade somewhat slack; a poet would have murmured that here indeed it was always afternoon.

"Boy!" cried the Editor.

The boy made no response. The Editor slowly rose and opened the door.

"Ahoy, there—boy!" he cried.



Emanuel had brought his table into the garden, and was sitting over his work in the open air.

The boy lifted his head and looked up, sleepily.
"Bring me your book."

The boy picked up the volume in which, one by one, he entered his sales, and took it into the Editor's room.

"If this barksy, my lad, could afford a bo's'n, which it can't, I'd spend a penny on a rope's-end to keep you awake. Hand over. Now then. How many copies did you sell last week?"

"A hundred and twenty-one."

"Ten and a penny. And your wages are seven and six, and the rent of this old shanty is forty pounds a year, and the cost of printing the thing comes to two pound ten a week. If we reckon the keep of the old woman and me there's another thirty-five shillings a week. Now, my confidential clerk, tell me what is the profit per week to the proprietor of this valuable paper?"

The confidential clerk grinned.

"And you're too proud to scrub the office?"

"I'm a clerk; I'm not a railway porter."

"Well, I can scrub it for myself. Go back to your seat and resume your penn'orth of 'Juniper Jack.' I looked at it this morning. The author, my lad, talks about ships and ships' gear when he has never been to sea. But you don't care, I suppose."

The boy retired. The Editor sat down again and considered the returns—"A hundred and twenty-one last week, a hundred and twenty the week before—we are going up—but a hundred and twenty-eight the week before that—Humph! And not a sign from anywhere that anyone reads or regards the *Friend of Labour*."

So he relapsed into meditation, first lighting his pipe. In the front office, because the afternoon was drowsy and the boy had eaten a sixpenny beefsteak-pudding for dinner, he fell asleep again, his head upon the counter.

Presently there came along a man who stopped, read the weekly bill stuck on the door-post, and then opened the door and looked in. He saw a boy asleep. As the boy did not wake up, the visitor laid his hand gently on the reclining head. The boy started, jumped up, and mechanically handed a copy of the paper.

"Thank you—no—I will perhaps take a copy of the paper presently." He spoke with a slight foreign accent. "I want to see Mr. Anthony Hayling—the Editor. Can I see him?"

The boy pointed to the door of the inner office, and then, as the visitor turned in that direction, he laid his head down and fell instantly asleep again. At the opening of the door, the Editor sat up and looked round sharply. Visitors were rare at the office of the *Friend of Labour*. This visitor stood just within the open door holding the handle. The two men looked at one another curiously.

"I should know your face," said the Editor. "I do know it. But I forget where I saw it last. I can't for the moment connect your face with anything."

"You are grey, Anthony," the visitor replied. "When I saw you last—about eighteen years ago—you were brown. Your shoulders are round—when last we parted they were square. That was at Alexandria. You took me on board at Malaga, and you put me on shore at Alexandria. Do you remember now?"

"Let me look at you, man. Come to the light—so. I remember your face and I remember your voice. Man alive!" he cried, holding out his hand, "you are Emanuel—Emanuel—Emanuel Elveda. Remember you? Remember Emanuel? Shake hands, man—shake hands! I never thought to set eyes on you again. You came out of the darkness—you went back to it. All my other voyages are dreams, but that one—why, man, it lives in my memory—I remember every day of it. Do you remember the nights when you came on deck and beguiled my watch with talk? Heavens! when you were gone I understood that prophets are sometimes entertained unawares. Sit down, man. Sit down opposite—turn out the papers. So! Sit there and let me look at you."

Emanuel obeyed. "I too remember, Anthony. You are well, my friend, and happy?"

Just then a loud and strident feminine voice was heard singing, out of tune, an ancient ditty once popular—an old music-hall song debased from a lovely German air. After a line or two the singer smashed something violently—something made of glass. Then she laughed loud and long. "Anthony!" she cried, "Anthony, you old Methodist! Anthony, you canting old hypocrite, come up here and I'll smash every bone in your body like I've smashed this bottle! Come up, I say, come up! You're afraid to come! Yah! you're a coward! Call yourself a man? Come up, I say!"

Sounds followed as of a heavy body lurching and stumbling round a room, upsetting chairs and knocking over light articles, then a final bump as of a heavy body falling to the ground. The house shook. Silence followed. Mr. Hayling pointed upwards with his pipe, "Allow me," he said, gravely smiling, "to answer your question by an illustration. You hear that gentle voice—that carressing, fondling voice. It is the voice of my wife. You now understand that I am perfectly happy. Shall I present you to my wife? She goes through three stages every day. For the sake of variety she sometimes rings these changes in the morning; sometimes in the afternoon; sometimes in the evening. But always every day. First, she gets drunk—uproariously drunk; at this stage she sings and laughs and is full of friendship for all the world: she then becomes, suddenly, quarrelsome drunk—quarrelsome—sometimes she puts her head out of window at this stage and makes the street ring with her threats and her accusations. Thirdly, she falls fast asleep and so continues for ten or twelve hours. You see that here are the first conditions of a happy household."

"Can you do nothing?"

"Nothing. The case is hopeless. Well, I desired at the outset to share the Common Lot—nothing better—and I've got it. One must not complain. Many honest fellows besides me, many better men, have got drunken wives."

"But they do not choose their wives because they drink."

"They don't drink, you see, at first. My girl was as innocent of the drink craving as anyone in the world. She was a factory hand. She couldn't sew, she couldn't cook, she could do nothing. She could hardly read when I married her, but she was no drinker of strong drink. No one knows how ignorant any human creature can be until he marries a factory hand. Then, you see, no one knows what may happen if you go away and leave such a woman to her own devices. If she is at work all day she is out of mischief. When she is left alone with nothing to think about—well"—He got up and plunged his hands in his pockets—"I am quite sure, Emanuel, that there is not one single man or woman in the whole world who is strong enough to be left without some controlling influence. We cannot stand alone. As for this poor woman—who shall blame her? She was left alone. What is there to do but to go on—and to forgive—to forgive? After all, it is the Common Lot."

He sat down again. "But about yourself, Emanuel—explain your appearance. How did you find me out? Whence come you?"

"First I come from wandering up and down the face of the earth. Next, I have not forgotten you. Your head was full of thoughts twenty years ago."

"Ay! I was younger then. The wife was sober—I had a boy to think of."

"Your boy—I met him on Saturday evening—at the house where I am lodging. That is how I found you out. But, Anthony, he is not like his father."

"No—I hope no more of him—I accept. Again, it is the Common Lot, Emanuel, to hope for the impossible and to accept the inevitable. What, indeed, is one to do unless one does accept? There are now many thousands of lads about—it is the most remarkable sign of the times—who spend their evenings laboriously, resolved to rise. But he belongs to those—they are numbered by tens of thousands—who live for the daily pleasure. My son is a shallow-brain and full of vanity. But, again—it is the Common Lot."

"You are a great English lord, rich and of great position; you left everything to become a common sailor at first, before the mast. You lived upon your wages. It was wonderful. Well, you married in that class. Your son belongs, then, either to the working people or the noble people. But he has the appearance of a little clerk."

"Yes, I was weak. I suffered him to go his own way. He is now a clerk at certain chemical works. He calls himself, I believe, a gentleman. He goes to a local Parliament and talks froth and foolishness."

"But he will be your successor and your heir. Does he know it?"

Mr. Hayling laid his hand upon his friend's arm. "Emanuel," he said, "you are the only person in the world who knows my secret. Keep it. For God's sake keep that secret. Good heavens! if they knew it! If that poor besotted creature lying on the floor upstairs knew it! If that boy knew it! Think of my wife as the Countess of Hayling! Think of that boy as Lord Selsey, the heir to that big estate. No; if I can help it he shall never know it. He shall never know the profligate life that he would so ardently rush upon if he could. As for the House of Lords, it has survived a good deal, but I doubt if it could survive my son Anthony. Keep my secret, Emanuel."

"It is forgotten. I remember it no more."

There was silence for a space.

"We had great talks on that voyage," Mr. Hayling continued; "great talks on great things. You were the only man who ever encouraged and strengthened me. Why, I confessed to you as women confess to their priest. Man! you are a Priest—you were a prophet. What have you done with your wisdom? Is any of it put into books?"

Emanuel laughed. "No; such as it is I have given it here and there—giving and taking—with such as yourself."

"And nothing written?"

"Why should I write anything? There is knowledge which cannot be put into books. It is handed down like the Unwritten Law, which Moses, you know, gave first to Aaron, and then to Aaron and Aaron's sons; next to Aaron, Aaron's sons, and the seventy elders; lastly to Aaron, Aaron's sons, the seventy elders, and the whole congregation. That is an allegory which shows how wisdom spreads. If I have any wisdom—which I doubt—this has been its use."

"As for my wisdom, I set it forth every week—that is, I set forth what I find to say—it isn't much—in my little paper. Nobody regards it. Perhaps it isn't worth saying." They relapsed into silence. It was exactly as if they were still on the deck of the sailing ship, slowly ploughing her way under the clear sky of a summer night before a light breeze, silent, with intervals of speech.

"Emanuel," said the Editor, following his own thoughts, "suppose I had the choice again—suppose it was to be done all over again. Even if I knew beforehand that I should have such a wife and such a son, that I should prove such a failure in trying to make myself heard, I would do it all over again, for I have shared in the Common Lot. This was all I asked: the work and wages of the common man, the hospital when I was sick, the wife and home of the common man, his food and his company, such children as he may have. I have had them all. And, upon my word, my friend, the life has been far more worth having than the life I left. I would do it—yes, I would do it—all over again."

"That is bravely said."

"As for this paper, who am I that I should set up in the Prophetic line? I ought to have stuck to the sea, but I would be preaching. So I went back to my old lawyers, got a lump of money, and came away. I told them they would never see anything more of me—and they won't. I live and bring out my paper on the interest of the money."

"What have you been telling the people?"

The Editor took up the current number that lay on the table. "I give them all the news that I can find anywhere about work and the conditions of work. As for the

preaching. . . . I am ashamed, Emanuel, I am ashamed to think what a little thing it is I have to say."

"What is it?"

"Only the simple things. The copy-book things. The old things of your old Prophets. The very simple copy-book things. What so elementary as the Ten Commandments? Yet—look round you—what is so simple as that one must be honest, that men should combine for other things besides wages, that men should follow righteousness? Yet—consider. That is all I've got to say, Emanuel. And apparently no one listens."

"Yet—go on preaching."

"If we would—or could—only go back to some form of the common life. Have you considered, Emanuel, how many thousands of hearts are longing for the common life again? Well, I preach some kind of common life, where all fare and share alike and manhood has a chance of developing. That is what I mostly preach. Christianity started with the common life. Let us try to go back to it."

"Judaism led up to it."

"Very likely. Shall we go back to it? Well, here I am, close upon sixty years of age, and all I have learned so far is the simple lesson that the old things are the true things. It is a poor sort of Message on which to found a paper, but, my friend, it is the only message that I have."

CHAPTER XII.

THY NAME IS EVE.

"You are a very wonderful man, Emanuel," said Clara. "You have travelled everywhere; you know everything; you are a scholar; you are a gentleman; and you live by carving in wood."

"Why is it wonderful?" Emanuel had brought his table into the garden, and was sitting over his work in the open air. "What is there so wonderful?"

"You know very well what is wonderful. Wood-carvers are not scholars and gentlemen. Why do you pretend to be a working man?"

"I do not pretend. This is my livelihood. Since I must work in order to live, I do the work which is to me the easiest, the lightest, and the most pleasant. I can take it up when and where I please; I can find a market in any town; it provides the small amount of money that I want. Why, then, should I not be a working man?"

Nell was giving a lesson. The scholar was beginning; the scales went up and the scales went down.

Clara waited meantime, and conversed with the philosopher over his wood-carving. In these days she visited her cousin a great deal, impelled by cousinly anxiety over the love affair which threatened to produce such very serious consequences. Already she was discovering for herself the great truth found out by so many guardians, friends, cousins, and advisers—the helplessness of reason, argument, and common-sense against the power of love. Yet still she persisted: she would save Nell if she could. Whenever, you see, we wish a girl not to marry a man, we say that we are determined to save her if we can. In this case, the young man was not only shallow and vulgar, poor and of small account—in which he was not, perhaps, so very much worse than his mistress—but he was a Christian. Nell must be saved, if possible.

"But," Clara went on, "your earnings are so small: you make so little money by the work. Why not do something better? Why not teach, or lecture, or write?"

"I make all I want. Why should I change the work if I like it? Here, to be sure, I must work harder than I like, because London is an expensive place. How much money do you think I want in the Desert? There I can wander with my friends and cousins the Arabs without the necessity for work at all. I shall get back to the Desert as soon as my present business is despatched."

"You have no books, either. Do you never work at anything else?"

"I want no books. I have read all that I desire to read. Now and then—if I am in a town—I want a Laboratory—and I always want a quiet open place, like this Place of Tombs, where one can meditate. Looking across this field of graves one hears nothing of the piano tinkling in the house or the children playing in the street."

"But—without money—you are not even a free man. You have to work for other people and to take wages—you are a man of science and you take wages!"

Emanuel laughed gently. "Let us not confuse things. This kind of work does not mean dependence. I make these wares of mine. Somebody—it matters nothing who—buys them. Suppose he refuses them: another man buys them. He gives a shilling more or less—what does it matter? I owe nothing to my employers; nothing at all; since it is the Law that man must work, why should I repine at having to work? If my employer robs me, he will suffer the penalty of his sin—he and his children—to the third and fourth generation, according to the Law. I leave him to the Law, which is not mocked and must not be broken. This is not dependence. The soul is not enslaved by this kind of work. Believe me, child, not the richest man in the world has greater freedom of soul than I myself, though I work at a trade to pay my lodging."

"But you will some day fall sick. Then if you have no money"—

"There is always a Hospital. If there is none—I shall lie under some roof or other and either live or die."

"It is wonderful. But you will grow old: you will no longer be able to work or to wander about. What will you do then?"

"Again, there are hospitals, almshouses, retreats, refuges, workhouses. I shall creep into one of them and sit down till the end. But perhaps I shall not live to be old."

"It is wonderful," Clara repeated, staring at the man who did not want money. "Don't you, really and truly, care at all for money? Wouldn't you like to be rich?"

"Since I do very well as I am, why should I want to change?"

"But the rich man has power."

Emanuel laughed. "Power! There spoke the Voice of our People. We desire power above all things, partly because power has been denied us for two thousand years, partly because the desire for power is a national instinct. There is no more masterful race than ours in the whole world, none that is more fond of authority. The heaviest curse that has been laid upon our race is not the Dispersion, nor the loss of Zion, but the deprivation of power. We who were born to rule have been made to obey. We desire power. We seek to recover it in the only way open to us—by means of wealth. But as for me, I do not desire power. I might abuse it if I had it. Power is a very dangerous thing, especially after two thousand years of weakness."

"But, Emanuel, you know—you are one of Us—you know—it is not only power—or we should stop when we had made money—it is always more money—we talk all the time about money and think continually about making more and more. When are any of us content with what we have? My father is rich, but he is always in some new scheme for making more money. To be always making money—it is like breathing with us. You are the only man I have ever met who does not want money. Oh! and not our People alone. The Christians are the same. Even at Cambridge I found the young Dons all wanting to make money—more money—always more money. All over the world it is the same. Always more money. Only that our People are clever and actually succeed in doing what the rest are trying to do. Not to want money? It is a reproach, Emanuel, thrown at your own People."

"But I blame no one, Clara. I remember that for many centuries we were forbidden to follow any other occupation. For my own part, I was born with other traditions, for I am of that stock which kept alive the light of science in the early ages. My fathers were physicians, mathematicians, astronomers. When the Jews were expelled they remained; they conformed outwardly. In secret they remained Jews."

"Why, that is like Francesca, only her people were Moors."

"There were no Moors who retained their ancient faith. My people became statesmen, generals, bishops even, and priests and monks. One of my House—it was three hundred years ago—a learned Benedictine but a secret Jew, when he lay a-dying sent for a Bishop of great piety in order to receive Extreme Unction, as his brethren thought. When the Bishop entered the dying monk sat up in his bed. 'Hear, O Israel,' he began feebly, repeating the last confession of a Jew at the point of death. 'The Lord my God is one God,' continued the Bishop, finishing the confession for him, for the Bishop, too, was in secret a Jew. The family history, perhaps, has taught me to think less of money than most of my brethren."

"This is just like Francesca's history. Pray go on, Emanuel. I knew that you could not be a common man."

"No man is common, child. As for me, I have contracted the habit of wandering. I must wander. I must be alone—in the desert, among the mountains—to meditate. Here in the West no one meditates—they talk. If a man ever, by accident, finds himself alone, he reads—he reads articles in magazines. Reading destroys the power of meditation. That is why there is so little wisdom in the West. Since Carlyle died, the only wise men of the West are two or three men of science. Now, in the East there is always the Solitary who meditates. Alexander passed him on the road to India. The red-coats pass him on their way to and fro. Civilisation and conquerors pass him by, the world goes on, but the Solitary who meditates sits always by the road-side." He looked across the cemetery with far-off gaze, as if he, too, would shortly become that Solitary. "Believe me, child, there are those who find no other joy in life but to be still and to meditate. What fills the Christian convents? Only the desire to save their souls? Nay! but their Church professes to do this for them in the world. It is the desire for the quiet life—the instinct to sit apart and to meditate—that possesses some souls."

"Do you wish girls to meditate? On what should we meditate?" These questions seem to demand a certain adjective—the word "pert" occurs to me—but Clara put the questions in all seriousness. The serious, even solemn, words and look of the man impressed her.

"You are a woman—women never meditate. Wisdom comes not to them by meditation. They observe; they receive; they remember."

"Then I am glad that I am a woman. But tell me more about yourself, Emanuel. While you are talking I have always a sense of having seen you before. Where?"

"Perhaps in your last existence. Our souls pass from life to life."

"It is your voice, your face—well, tell me more about yourself—if you will, that is. If you do not wish to tell me anything, forgive a girl's idle curiosity. Why are you not living with your equals? Because you are not a working man, whatever you may pretend. You have belonged to society at some time or other. Yesterday you spoke of Art, and I perceived that you know the language of Art—the language of the studios."

"When I was young I knew many artists in Paris and frequented their studios. So I learned their language. At that time I took up the graving-tools and acquired my present trade."

"Oh! You have lived among the artists of Paris?"

"You question me, child, as if I were concealing something. Very well. There is nothing to conceal. I will tell you anything you want to know. Yes; I was born in Paris. We were Spanish nobles, and, as I told you, Jews in secret. When the Revolution came, and the accursed Inquisition disappeared, we went back to our own People, and my grand-

father laid down his titles. We left Spain with the French. My father was a physician in Paris. I studied science, and presently went to Germany to work under Liebig. In those days I looked forward cheerfully to spending my life in a laboratory. Then I returned to Paris." He paused.

"And then?"

"I married." He paused again. "This marriage of mine—an unfortunate marriage—was the reason why I gave up my career and went away into the wilderness, where I have remained ever since. I like the wilderness—and the people who live in it. I shall go back to them before long. They are rude people, yet you would be astonished to find how little difference there is between yourself and your sister of the black tent. She only knows her tent, the Desert, and the stars—and the will of her husband. What do you know that is better worth knowing? Take away her children and husband and she dies of grief, like you. Give her love and kindness and she is happy—like you."

"But you did not leave your wife, Emanuel, to die of grief?" Eve in her curiosity persisted while there was still a point left to clear.

"No. She drove me away because she made life impossible."



"I'm a clerk; I'm not a railway porter."

For she became a rebel against the Law of God, which is the Law of Nature. She would command who was made to obey, and as she was stubborn we parted by mutual consent, and I left her and went away."

Clara gazed into his face in silence, as one who hears a strange thing and finds it familiar, and wonders where she heard it last. Then she started up and clapped her hands. "Oh!" she cried, "I know now—oh, I know now—who you are! Yes, yes, now I understand. Why, I saw the likeness from the very first, and was so stupid as not to see it. Why, Emanuel, you are none other than Emanuel Elveda himself. Why—yes—now I understand it all. You went away because your wife would not obey. Your name is Emanuel Elveda, and your wife's name was Isabel. Oh! what will they say? What will they say? For they think that you are dead."

"Certainly. I am Emanuel Elveda. Why not? You speak as if you knew the woman who was my wife?"

"Yes—I know her. Have you not heard what she has done?—how she rebels openly and continually and publicly against the submission of women?"

"I know nothing about her. I am dead to her. She is dead to me. We ask not what the dead are doing. Do not speak to me of her."

"As you please—yet—but—as you please."

She wondered why he did not inquire after his daughter. Was Francesca, too, dead to him? "Why," she asked, "did you call yourself Ellis? Why not Elveda at once?"

There were two questions in her mind. One was "Why do you not ask after your child?" a very important question—and the other was the comparatively unimportant one about his name. Fortunately or unfortunately, she put the latter.

"I do not know. Your father suggested that it would be more convenient. It mattered nothing to me."

Now, the daughter of Mr. Adelbert Angelo was accustomed to understand that her father was a prudent—that is, a far-seeing—man, who never acted without a motive, and that with him motive was hope of gain. She was dutiful by nature and by character; she would not knowingly interfere in her father's plans without being invited to do so. She remembered the interest he showed in the Elveda household. This interest, for some reason or other, included the missing husband. She, therefore, concluded that it would be better for the present not to ask too much or to tell anything.

"It is wonderful," she said, "to think that you could give up all this—the great fortune, the position, the opportunities, the command of everything—and go right clean away with empty pockets all for a whim, for nothing in the world but a whim and a fad! Why, in a month you would have heard no more about the equality, and then—we should have seen very different things. Do you know how rich your wife is?"

"Have I not told you that I want no money?"

"Is there," Clara asked of the Place of Tombs, "another man in all the world—living or dead—who would give up millions of money—all for the fancy and the whim of a woman who wanted nothing but a little humouring! Emanuel, for a wise man, you have been a terrible donkey. Why, you should have given her what she wanted—the show of equality. Then you would have heard no more, because, I suppose, there never was yet a married pair who lived on terms of equality. One of them must obey. If she loved you she would have obeyed—little by little. Love would have compelled her to submit. Oh! I know what I say. We used to talk foolishness at Newnham about the submission of women, and I used to tell them of our Law, to make them feel their foolishness. Oh! you should have laughed and driven her with a silken rein."

"So you think. But then, you neither knew her as she was, nor me as I am."

"Well, but if you left your wife, why did you leave your work? Why go away? At all events, you might have gone on as before your marriage."

"I could not remain anywhere near my wife. Child!"—his voice changed, he spoke with passion—"who are you that you should understand these things? What can you know? Why, if I had remained within a hundred miles of her—if I had stayed in any place where they talked of her—ropes, day and night, were drawing and dragging me back to her—her voice, day and night, was calling me—in dreams, day and night, I saw her—Love, day and night, was calling me, urging me, imploring me—to return to the woman I loved—what should you know of love! A girl knows nothing—oh, the strength—the power—sometimes I feel it still. How should you understand the temptation? How can a maiden who has never yet been loved understand her power of attraction?"

"Well, then—I suppose I cannot understand that any women can be worth such a fuss—but you should have listened to the voice. You a wise man? Where was your wisdom? I suppose if you had been Solomon himself you would have laid down your golden crown and wandered out alone among the Arabs. And oh! you, with your cleverness—with the world at your feet—to kick everything away because your wife was silly and whimsical! As if all women were not whimsical about something or other if they are allowed to be! And your wife was a rich girl who had had her own way, I suppose, always? You a wise man? Is this all your wisdom—not even to know that women are so made?"

Emanuel bowed his head gravely. "It is foolishness to you, but to me it was not foolishness. I live by the Law—in small things and in great. To me it is not a small thing that my wife should resolve to break the Law—the Law of Nature and the Law of the Living God."

"You take everything so seriously. You ought to be a Rabbi as well as a chemist and a wood-carver."

"Those things," he replied, very seriously indeed, "are especially the realities of life which touch the children and the grandchildren and the generations to come. Nature is hard, as the physicists say. The Law of the Lord, we say, must not be broken. The most real thing in all the world is the marriage-bond, because it means the parentage of children and the future of humanity. Better to part at once than to live against the Law. Better be childless than bring up children to see the Law daily trampled upon. Should I yield to the stubborn woman? No. Should I call her stubbornness a fancy and a whim? No. But I could leave to her folly, and so an end."

"Would you go back to her if?"—

"I will never go back to her; she must come to me submissive. Enough of my wife! Remember, child, the place of the woman. It is after that of the man. There is no degradation in taking the place which you are assigned. To woman belong the things that we call after her name—womanly. Let her administrate, distribute, reward, honour, and encourage, while the man works and pours into her lap all he makes, creates, and reaps. Enough." He sat down, bowed his head over his work again, took up his graver, and was silent.

(To be continued.)



JENDRÁSSIK JENŐ

"AU REVOIR."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. HANFSTAENGL, MUNICH.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXXI.

Donington Park.

THE inhabitants of Bloomsbury tell you with truth that theirs is "the most central spot in London"; and though there is, perhaps, no town, or village, or hall which can prove itself to be the most central spot in all England, yet the lords of Donington Park may fairly claim that, whatever is the midmost point of the country, it cannot be many miles to north, south, east, or west of their home. For Donington Park is at the north-western corner of Leicestershire, the very middle of the Midlands, and overlooks Derbyshire across its boundary-river Trent.

For so central a place, however, Donington Park is not what dwellers in Bloomsbury would consider easy to get at; yet from the great Midland towns—Nottingham, Derby, Leicester—it is a pleasant excursion, lying only about a couple of miles from the station at Castle Donington, on a little cross-line from Derby to Nottingham.

Castle Donington in the summer is all red and green, with its old houses set in the fields of a steep hillside. Perhaps more quaint than picturesque, it was beautiful in the eyes of one traveller at least—old John Throsby, who published a capital book of "Views in Leicestershire" just a century ago. "I know not," he wrote, "so romantic a scene as the situation

of this place occasions; some of the houses are placed below the hill whereon stood the castle, some on the declivity and others on its top; from the garden of one house you may look down the chimney of a neighbour's; and from another's above you may peep into your own; here one house stands, as it were, in a bason, and there others on a convex line; on the bankside of some houses I saw the ground nearly touch the roof, when its front presented you with three storeys high."

After the town, a deep embowered road dips down among the trees. To the right a field shines yellow, full of buttercups. The birds sing loudly here, and groups of children pass by, chattering on their way to "Board school." Down a shady valley one comes soon to the lodge gate, with just inside it a pretty lodge—half-timbered with a grey-green gable roof, and a pillared stone arcade with hospitable settles. So into the park, which is all up and down in little hills. A green avenue crosses the grass. You pass along by the end of the house, and reach a coign of vantage whence to look down upon it from a wooden seat under an old tree.

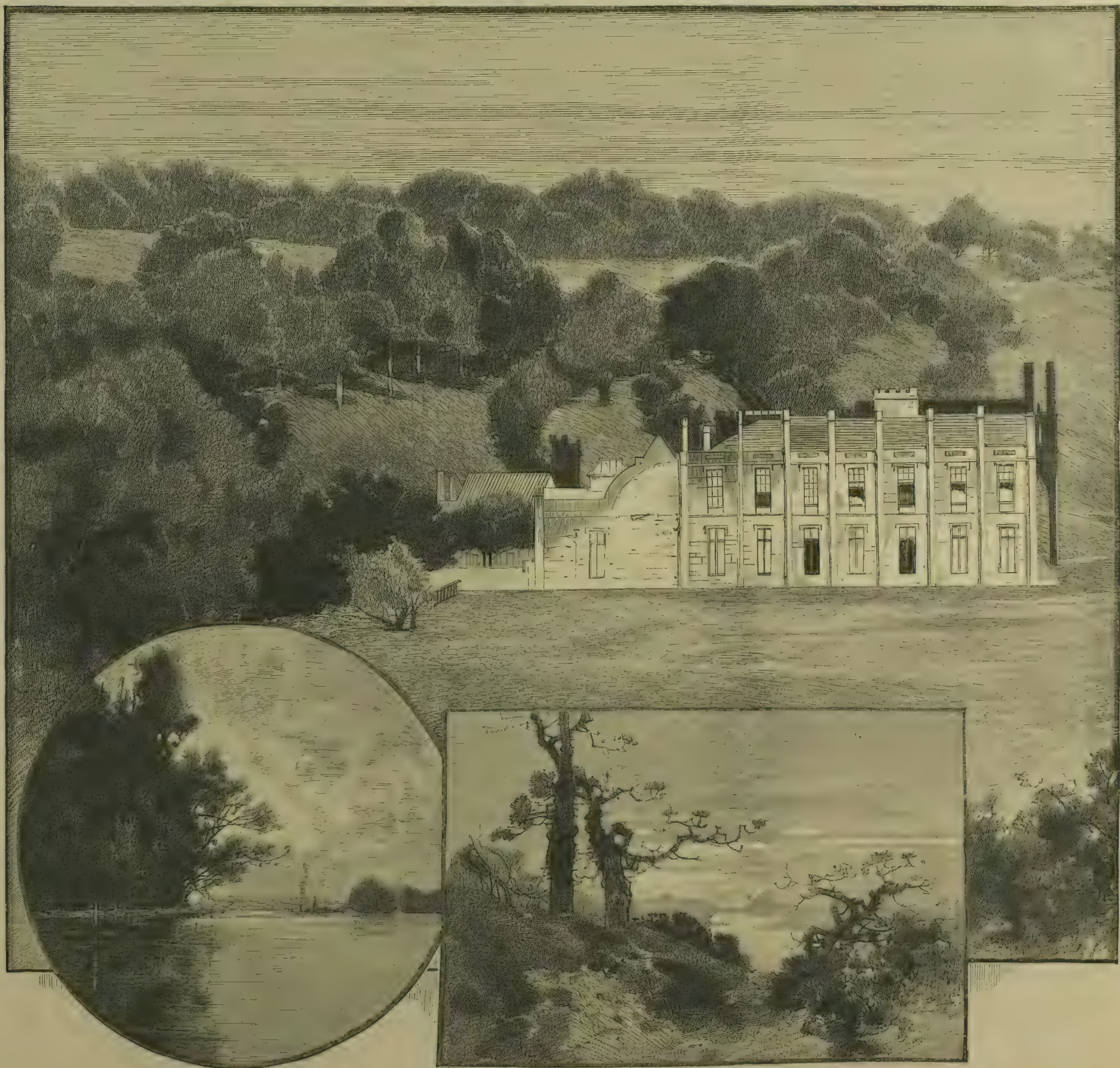
A beautiful valley sweeps through the park, its short, even grass trimmed by the carefulest of gardeners, nibbling sheep, and studded here and there with trees, some of immense age

and some of giant size. Near to this valley's end two others join it from right and left, and just where they meet stands Donington Hall. A herd of dappled deer lies quietly beside an old tree; another herd is in the shade just beyond a group of a hundred cows, all browsing and content—red, black, and dun, with calves of dappled brown and white moving beside them. Trees irregularly crown the little hills all round. Eight centuries ago this was a wood, and perhaps some of the oldest inhabitants still stand here, looking down disdainfully upon their comrade, "Chaucer's Oak," though this stripling is forty-four feet in girth at twelve feet from the ground.

Now, as in those forest days, all manner of birds make merry here, from cuckoo to crow. The cowboy whistles cheerily, and the sun begins to think that even on a June morning in England he must do some work. It is within four years of a century since he shone upon the beginning of this beautiful hall; it is within three years of three centuries since he saw the first of the great Hastings family take possession here.

It may be said of many famous houses that fully to set down the history of them and of their owners would be to write a great part of the history of England. Of Donington not only is this true, but you may add that in one chapter of our annals in which its name is writ large there is hardly to be found the name of any other famous and ancient house. Warriors and statesmen, like the Earls of Huntingdon, descendants of the Hastings of Richard the Third's time, and ancestors of Warren Hastings, may be found elsewhere, but hardly a woman whose name is revered by tens of thousands of pious folk like those Wesleyan Methodists who still call themselves followers of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

The history of the park begins with the Conquest, at latest, like the history of the Hastings family, its owners. They reckon their descent from Robert de Hastings, portgrave of the little Sussex town whose name he took, and dispensator steward to William the Norman; and the Domesday Book tells us that "In *Dunitone* there is a wood twelve furlongs long and eight broad," so nearly the extent of the boundaries of the present park that the site was, no doubt, the same.



THE TRENT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GROUNDS.

THE TRENT FROM THE TOP OF THE GROUNDS.

Donington was the property of the Barons of Haulton from the Conquest till the death, in 1310, of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln and Baron Haulton; and we are told that "one of Bellamonts, Earls of Chester, built here a large castle, which becoming ruinous, Eustace, Constable of Chester, a descendant of John Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, rebuilt it."

Henry Lacy's daughter, when she married Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster, Leicester, and Derby, brought with her the estate, and her husband added to his many titles that of Baron Haulton. Then came an extraordinary series of forfeitures to the Crown of this property, each time upon the attainder of its owner. There must have been treason in the air of Donington, for four times in seventy-eight years the Sovereign felt compelled to resume, however reluctantly, the estate granted to a disloyal subject. Thomas Plantagenet—one need not rehearse his titles again—was attainted in 1321. Then Edward III. granted Donington Park to Hugh le

when he lived say that he hoped, wheresoever he should end his life, his friends would cause him to be brought thither, there to be laid with his ancestors, which, for my own part, if it may so stand with her Majesty's gracious favour, I wish may be performed, where (God willing) my poore son shall wait on him to the grave."

The Earl of Huntingdon just dead was the third of his line. His grandfather, the first Earl, was grandson of the Hastings who raised the fortunes of the family to their highest—Shakspeare's Hastings, Baron Hastings of Ashby de la Zouch, Lord Chamberlain to King Edward IV., and one of the most powerful personages of the realm. Yet has all greatness its drawbacks; not only was the Baron's head cut off by Gloucester, but in Edward's time we constantly find him, though a wealthy man, reversing the usual order of things, and borrowing of his King.

This seems the odder when we note how regularly the second Earl of Huntingdon paid his little tributes or "tips" to the Sovereigns of his time, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. Thus, on New Year's Day 1553 he gave Edward VI. five whole sovereigns and eight half-sovereigns in a purse of red silk, and received in return a gilt cup and cover, weighing 20 oz. In 1556-57 he gave Queen Mary £15 "in pistolets," and his Countess gave her £10 in French crowns, again in a red purse; nor were they without their reward in honours and gilt cups. Two years later, with a new monarch, Lord Huntingdon's rate of generosity had risen, and he presented Elizabeth with a red velvet purse, in which was £20 in half-sovereigns, while his Countess gave her £10—all which was suitably acknowledged in cups.

Not that his Lordship's fidelity had always been as unwavering as this succession of red purses might seem to indicate. He had aided the cause of Lady Jane Grey, and been therefore imprisoned in the Tower; though he had quickly so convinced Queen Mary of his loyalty that she not only set him free, but even sent him to make a prisoner of his fellow-traitor, the Duke of Suffolk.

Henry, the third Earl, had pretensions to an honour higher even than this great earldom. His mother, Catherine Pole, was niece of the great Cardinal and great-granddaughter of the Duke of Clarence, and through her Henry claimed to be next heir to the throne of England, if Elizabeth should die, as she had lived, a virgin Queen. During Elizabeth's illness, in 1562, he was commonly looked upon as her successor, which annoyed that virgin Queen more than a little. Once, when the Countess was at Court (her husband tells us), "it pleased her Majesty to give her a privy nippe especially concerning" his Lordship, and Elizabeth could nip hard. Yet the charge of a rival claimant to the throne was given him at one time; he had the care of Mary Queen of Scots, at his castle at Ashby de la Zouch.

In this Earl Henry was first seen the tendency to Puritanism which in the eighteenth century came so markedly to distinguish the owners of Donington from the rest of the aristocracy of their day. Henry petitioned for leave to join the Huguenots; and Camden tells us that, though "he was of a mild disposition," yet, "being a zealous Puritan, he much wasted his estate by a lavish support of these hot-headed preachers."

Of his brother and successor—George, fourth Earl—not much needs to be said; but the Hastings of the first half of the seventeenth century were a very interesting family. Four or five of them stand out, all "characters," all strongly contrasted, like the people in a novel: father, great-uncle, two sons entirely unlike, and a grandson. One fills this corner of Leicestershire with them, and gets a vivid picture of the country life of nearly three centuries ago—before, during, and after the great war.

The son and heir of the fourth Earl died, as we have seen, just at the time of his father's succession to the earldom, and the Henry Hastings who in 1605 became fifth Earl was a grandson. This was a young man of much method, which was perhaps as well, for he was married and settled in his seventeenth year. He and his Countess drew up a most interesting and complete little book—not so very little, either—in which the fullest rules were given for the conduct of every member of their household: steward, gentleman usher, gentleman of the horse, clerk of the kitchen, cook, usher of the hall, gentleman of the pantry, "cellerer and ewyre, yeoman ward-roppe, yeoman of the grannarye," baker, brewer, almoner, porter, and all the rest.

This Earl had a long and absorbing quarrel with his neighbour, Sir Henry Shirley, but the sting has almost gone out of it now; indeed, only a century later Shirley's descendant Selina married Theophilus, the then Earl of Huntingdon.

Strange as it seems, the holy Countess of Huntingdon—who, as Macaulay says, "at Rome would have had a place in the calendar as St. Selina"—was first cousin to the mad fiend known as the "wicked Earl Ferrers."

Earl Henry was a man of importance in his day. We find him, for example, at the head of a Commission of Knighthood; but when the Civil War broke out his day was nearly over. He was an old man in 1640, and it was his son who took the lead, on the Royalist side, in Leicestershire. Henry Hastings, jun., was colonel-general of the county, and a family feud between himself and the Parliamentary commander, Lord Grey, added keenness to a rivalry in which all Leicester passionately joined. We find the young Cavalier heading a gallant charge at Edgehill, and Charles I. showed him honour by creating him Lord Loughborough.

This Henry Hastings was son, and, as one may say, representative, of the Earl of Huntingdon; but he was not the eldest son, who should naturally have come foremost. The first-born was Ferdinando Hastings, who during his father's lifetime occupied Donington, and one is sorry to record that he had the reputation of a coward. Clarendon gives a vivid description of his appearance in the House of Lords—he was then Baron Hastings—one memorable day. It was just after Edgehill, where his brother had fought so bravely, and where he had himself a command of horse. He entered "on the afternoon of the day after the battle, with frightened and ghastly looks, declaring positively all to be lost; though it was evident that he had run away from the beginning, and only lost his way thither."

After the war, Ferdinando, by this time Earl of Huntingdon, retired finally to Donington; he could not afford to live in London, for his support of the King, however lacking in energy, had cost him his estate in Ireland. The event best remembered of his later life was the sudden loss of his elder

son, Henry, a young man of very high promise, then on the eve of marriage. "His Lordship was distinguished for great learning, and of such extreme sweetness of disposition," says Sir Bernard Burke, rather quaintly, "that no less than ninety-eight elegies were published on his death, under the title of 'Lachrymæ Musarum.'" Among the authors of these poems were Herrick, Dryden, Denham, Sir Aston Cokaine, and Falkland, who says, with some feeling—

Farewell, dear lord and friend, since thou hast chose
Rather the phoenix life than death of crows,
Though Death hath ta'en thee, yet I'm glad thy fame
Must still survive in learned Hastings' name.
For thy great loss my fortune I'll condole
Whilst that Elysium embrace thy soul.

Dryden's verses are reported to have been "his first essay"—he was only eighteen in 1649, when Lord Hastings died—and Dr. Johnson criticises them rather unkindly. "Lord Hastings died of the smallpox," he remarks, "and his poet has made of the postules, first rosebuds, then gems, and at last exalts them into stars."

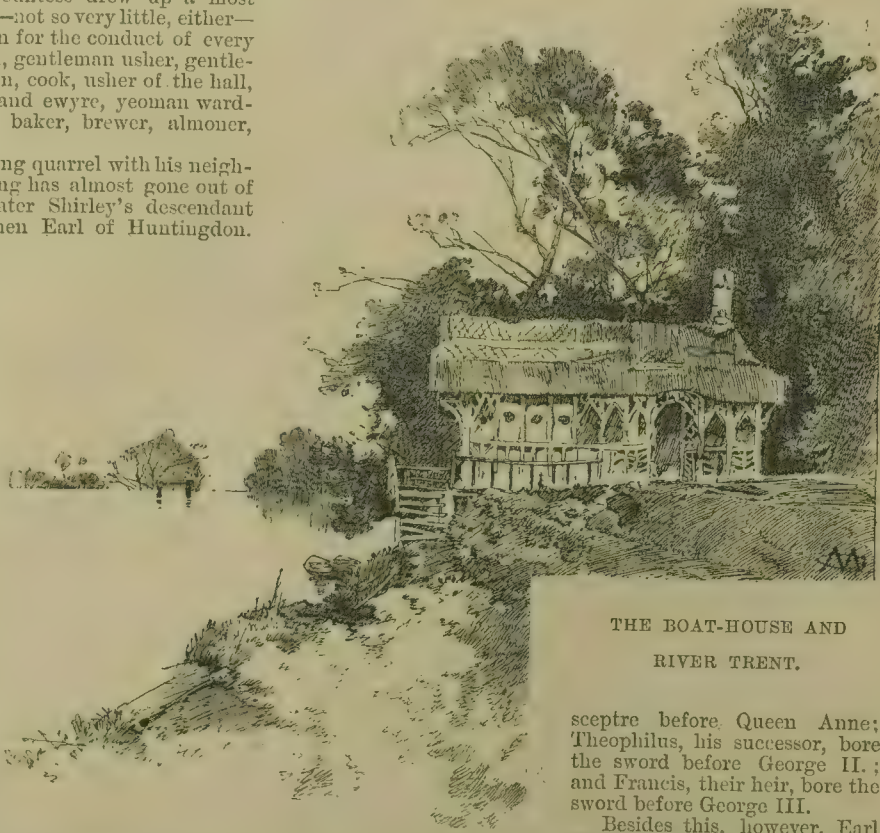
A more complete contrast to this young nobleman could not be found than the great-uncle of Ferdinando and Henry, already mentioned. This was the eccentric sportsman Henry Hastings, second son of the fourth Earl, whose character is vigorously drawn by Lord Shaftesbury in the "Biographia Britannica," a disreputable Will Wimble, a hunter after all sorts of game, who should have been painted full-length by Fielding.

The seventh Earl was the younger brother of him who caused the tears of the Muses to flow so copiously. He seems in his earlier days to have had some tincture of what one may call the Low Church spirit of one of his ancestors and several of his descendants. He was suspected at that time of supporting the "Protestant Duke of Monmouth," but all his later doings were consistently Tory. He signed the order at Whitehall for the proclaiming of James II., and Macaulay tells us that when, in 1692, a Jacobite invasion was feared "the house of the Earl of Huntingdon was searched. He had had time to burn his papers and to hide his arms; but his stables presented a most suspicious appearance. Horses enough to mount a whole troop of cavalry were at the mangers, and this circumstance, though not legally sufficient to support a charge of treason, was thought sufficient, at such a juncture, to justify the Privy Council in sending him to the Tower." Later, in 1701, he was one of the peers who protested against the Act of Settlement.

His daughter, Lady Elizabeth Hastings, was a woman of rare goodness, grace, and beauty, who missed in the oddest way an immortality of fame—a wonderful line, written of her by Steele, being much more frequently applied to someone else. In the forty-second number of the *Tatler* Congreve described her, under the oddly chosen name of Aspasia, as "the most exact economist, without appearing busy; the most strictly virtuous, without tasting the praise of it," one who shunned applause "with as much industry as others do reproach." And Steele, seven numbers later, took up the song of her praises and added to it one immortal verse. "Though her mien carries much more invitation than command," said he, "to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour, and to love her is a liberal education."

Lady Elizabeth gave all her life and all her fortune to religion and charity, and her example, no doubt, strongly influenced her nephew's wife, Selina, though she herself always remained a plain English Churchwoman, dying, indeed, before the later phases of Wesley's Methodism had developed.

Of the eighth, ninth, and tenth Earls of Huntingdon—the last before the curious interregnum of thirty years in the earldom—the cynical historian might be contented to relate that each in succession carried the emblem of State before a Sovereign at his coronation. George, eighth Earl, bore the



THE BOAT-HOUSE AND
RIVER TRENT.

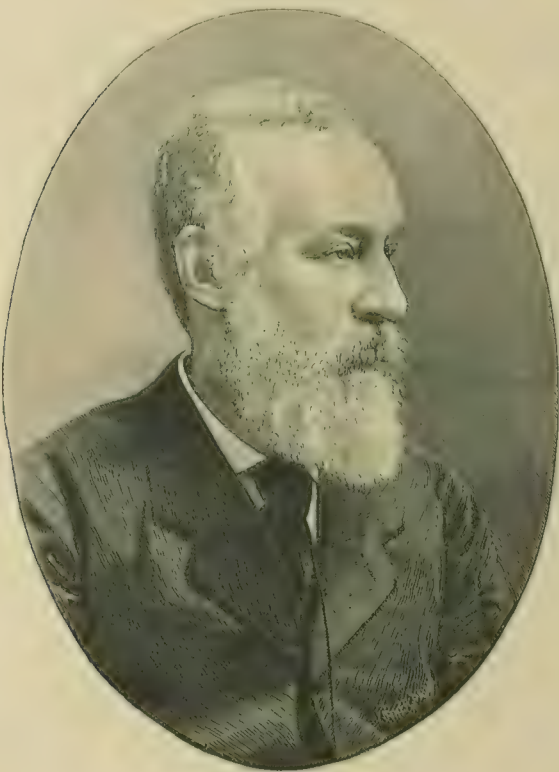
sceptre before Queen Anne; Theophilus, his successor, bore the sword before George II.; and Francis, their heir, bore the sword before George III.

Besides this, however, Earl Theophilus was the subject of

one of the finest odes of a poet of some true inspiration, Mark Akenside, whose poem concludes with the really noble lines—

Eternal God alone,
For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
He, from the faithful records of His throne,
Bids the historian and the bard
Dispose of honour and of scorn,
Discern the patriot from the slave,
And write the good, the wise, the brave,
For lessons to the multitude unborn.

But Selina Hastings was a vigorous woman, and came of vigorous stock. She was one of the three daughters and co-heiresses of Washington Shirley, second Earl Ferrers. After her marriage she was "converted" by her husband's sister, Lady Margaret Hastings: the old Puritan tendency of the race had returned in double force by this time, and Lady



LORD DONINGTON.

Despenser the younger, but Hugh was afterwards attainted, and his house given by a gracious monarch to his uncle, Edmund de Woodstock, Earl of Kent. Then, in 1330, this uncle was himself attainted, and the estate was handed over to Geoffrey, son of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. There was a great run upon attainders just at this time—three in nine years is certainly the utmost that one estate could hope for, but the pace was too good to last. In this same year of 1330 Edmund de Woodstock's attainder was reversed, and Donington given to his son; and after that it was sixty-nine years before the next attainder. A brother John succeeded to the estate, and then a sister Joan; she, marrying, brought this handsome dowry to her husband, Sir Thomas de Holland, Knight of the Garter, who was created Earl of Kent in the right of his wife, and yet there was not an attainder to disturb the deer of Donington. Sir Thomas's grandson, however—also Thomas by name—did succeed in getting himself attainted while the sands of the fourteenth century were running out. So in 1399 Donington Park reverted to the Crown, and this time the Crown was in no hurry to part with it. In 1401 Henry IV. joined the estate to the Duchy of Lancaster, but this, of course, left it still the property of the King.

In 1485 we find the Staunton family holding the offices of Constable and Steward of Donington, and the bailiwick and "parkership" of the park. By Henry VIII. Donington Park was granted, under the seal of the Duchy of Lancaster, to Thomas Gray, Esquire, of Langley, whose very interesting will—unluckily too long to be here cited—is given in Nicholls's great "History of Leicestershire." These Grays and Turpyns take one nearly to the end of the sixteenth century, when the Hastings come in.

On May 14, 1575, Queen Elizabeth granted Donington Park for a term of years to Sir George Turpyn, Knight, with "herbage, pannage, and browsing of the said park, and the office of the custody and keepership of the same park, with the lodges there, and the custody and game of all the deer from time to time therein being, with all and every the vails, fees, profits, and commodities whatsoever to the said office in any wise belonging and of ancient time due and accustomed." Four years later the Queen demised to Thomas Gray, son of the Thomas Gray already named, "his two corn-mills and two falling-mills," and other Donington property, to hold for forty-one years, "to commence when the term granted by Edward VI. of forty-one years should expire."

This Thomas Gray, jun., sold the place to Ralph Blackwall in 1590, and in 1594 the long ownership of Donington by the Hastings family began. As long ago as the time of Edward IV. they had held it on lease, and now, on April 23, in this year, Sir Francis Hastings bought it of Ralph Blackwall for £750.

One of the Turpyns, by name William, sold the letters patent granted by the Queen and all his interest in Donington to Sir George Hastings, of Loughborough, not far away; and Elizabeth confirmed this sale, and granted the lease to Sir George. And in June 1595 the Knight of Loughborough—now removed, on his marriage, to Gopsal—seems to have completed his purchase of the whole estate, which cost him, in all, £3000. (As this would appear a considerable sum of money even in these days, let us reassure those who look upon "the past" in general as a halcyon age, when a fat sheep cost threepence, and nothing cost very much more, with the information that on George Hastings's death, in 1604, the 300 acres of pasture in Donington Park were valued at £13 6s. 8d.)

George Hastings, however, did not die plain Sir George. Before the end of the year in which he completed his purchase he had succeeded his brother Henry as Earl of Huntingdon. Henry died on Dec. 14, and on the following Wednesday George's son also died. Some rather touching letters of the new Earl have been preserved. In one he asks that the two kinsmen just dead should be buried at Ashby de la Zouch, seven miles away, which till that time had been the principal seat of the family. "I have heard my lord (my deare brother)

Margaret married a well-known Methodist preacher, Benjamin Ingham. Thenceforward, for some sixty years, the Countess laboured in the cause of the "new light" in religion. She was the fellow-worker of the Wesleys, and especially of Whitefield, and was in very truth the founder of the "connection" which yet bears her name.

Among her many works of charity may be reckoned the protection of not a few clergymen suspected of the heinous sin of Methodism. Lady Huntingdon exercised her right as a peeress to appoint as many chaplains as she pleased, so that, as Whitefield said, she "looked like a good archbishop with his chaplains around him"; and the park at Donington still bears traces of the furrows made when wheat was grown in it "to feed my poor clergy"—traces which succeeding owners, with an honourable feeling, have not cared to remove.

The Countess of Huntingdon was, in fact, a kind of female archbishop, and it may be imagined how this shocked and distressed Newman, whose essay upon her—written before he had left the English Church—is, indeed, sad and amazing reading. A quotation given in it may prove its best answer, the worthy saying of Frederick, Prince of Wales: "When I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to lift me up with her to Heaven."

Francis, tenth Earl—the Countess Selina's son—died without issue in 1789, and the earldom became suspended. It is true that an eccentric parson, the Rev. Theophilus Hastings, called himself the Earl of Huntingdon, a title which, as a matter of fact, was legally his; but he took no steps to enforce his claim. It was not till thirty years after the death of Earl Francis that the friends of a poor Ordnance storekeeper, Captain Hans Francis Hastings, proved his lineal descent from Edward, fourth son of Francis, the second Earl, and his title to the earldom.

By this time, however, Donington Park and various ancient dignities—the baronies of Hastings, Botreaux, Hungerford, and De Molyns—had passed into the Rawdon family; Elizabeth, the elder sister of Earl Francis, had married the first Earl of Moira, to whom her brother bequeathed his estate at Donington. The next Lord Moira of this time was created Marquis of Hastings, Earl of Rawdon, and—after his marriage with Flora Muir, Countess of Loudoun in her own right—Earl of Loudoun. It was upon the early death of his grandson, the fourth Marquis of Hastings, in 1868, that the Scotch titles came into the present family; while the baronies by writ fell into abeyance, and the marquissate became extinct.

With the romantic story of Captain Hans Hastings, eleventh Earl of Huntingdon, the chronicles of Donington have thus in strictness no concern; but there is not wanting a touch of romance even in the transference of the estate to its present owners. When the last Marquis was ruined, his eldest sister, Lady Edith Maud Abney-Hastings—Countess of Loudoun after her brother's death—was passionately attached to the ancient home of her family, and had gone through much to prevent its passing into the hands of strangers. Her husband, then Mr. Abney-Hastings, bought the reversion of the Marquis's English estates, and he has since taken the title of Lord Donington from this place. When Lady Loudoun died it was found that by her will she requested that her right hand might be buried in the park she loved so well, on a little hill overlooking the Trent. There, accordingly, it lies, and on the cross which marks the spot is inscribed the Loudoun motto: "I bide my time." Those who knew the Countess best have supposed that her wish was prompted by some idea of grasping, even in death, the place she had struggled so hard to retain.

So much for the barest facts of the history of the family which for three centuries has ruled at Donington Hall; the story of the building itself, their home, is brief and uneventful. The making of a castle on this spot by an ancient Earl of Leicester, its decay and its rebuilding, have already been recorded. Soon after George Hastings bought the manor, in 1594, he destroyed the castle, and built in its stead a spacious manor house; but Donington Park did not become the chief family seat of the Earls of Huntingdon until after the dismantling by Cromwell of their castle at Ashby de la Zouch.

The present magnificent house was built in 1795 by the first Marquis of Hastings, from designs by Wilkins, of Cambridge.



IN THE PARK.

It stands upon the site of the old manor house, and contains some portion of its walls. It is a vast quadrangle of white stone, light and bright in effect, its long line broken by, perhaps, thirty turrets and high turreted buttresses. An open parapet edges the house above its two storeys. In the midst a great and lofty porch stands out, rich in ornament, its pointed entrance-arch springing from turrets, with, in the space above, lancet windows divided by small pinnacled buttresses. An inscription above the door, bearing date 1793, tells of the



ENTRANCE TO THE PARK.

gratitude of Francis Rawdon Hastings to his uncle the Earl of Huntingdon, from whom he received the estate.

This, the great south front, is, in all, about a hundred and thirty feet long; on each side of the porch it has five high windows, divided by the round buttresses. At the east end of the house extends the long chapel, with buttresses and pinnacles, mullioned windows, and high pointed roof. Within the quadrangle there is a small courtyard.

Walking through the Donington Hall of to-day, one sees many portraits and other memorials of old owners and old guests. An oak in the park is said to have been the favourite haunt of Chaucer, who often stayed with John of Gaunt during Gaunt's tenure of the stronghold at Castle Donington. Another poet—who came a long way after Chaucer—was for a time a guest at this house—Tom Moore, to wit. Here, too, during their exile from France at the close of the last century, was the English home of the Duc d'Angoulême and the Comte d'Artois, who was afterwards Charles X.

The pleasant entrance-hall is all Gothic, with a lofty groined ceiling. There is rich-coloured glass over the door, and each compartment of the windows is gay with its shield, whereon are the bearings of some ancient alliance of the family. In the two lower windows are the coats-of-arms of Edward I. when he was Prince of Wales; of Spain and England "in pale" for Philip and Mary, crowned, and encircled by the Garter; and of Mary alone, without the Garter. These were removed from the chapel of Stoke Pogis, in Buckinghamshire.

Here, too, is a great trophy of arms, with a complete suit of armour in the middle; and on one wall are huge spreading antlers, which were found buried in the sands in Ireland.

On the right of the hall is the dining-room—rather low, mainly yellow in its colouring, with pink pillars at the end: an old-fashioned or out-of-fashion chamber, full of noteworthy portraits. At the auction which followed the death of the last Marquis five hundred and fifty paintings were sold; but the present owner bought a hundred and fifty of them, and the house has now a collection of fine pictures by Holbein, Jansen, Vandyke, Lely, Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough, besides certain family portraits interesting as portraits alone.

In this room, for instance, there is the likeness, full of interest, of "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," who came to an end in Malmsey. There is Holbein's portrait of the Duke of Suffolk, as real as it can be, a face charged with character; and there is naturally a picture of the celebrated Hastings whom we now remember chiefly because he lost his head. The house has, of course, portraits of several of the Earls of Huntingdon. The first, third, fifth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth, if I am not mistaken, represent that famous dozen of peers.

The Yelverton Drawing-room, to the left of the hall, contains, *inter alia*, a most varied collection of portraits of the Yelverton family, who are relations of the owners of Donington—all characteristic, all well satisfied with themselves—and some very good pictures. But the most fascinating thing in the room is the portrait of Devereux, Earl of Essex, and his dog, both of them plainly of marked and interesting individuality.

A gay, cream-coloured drawing-room, with gilt flowers running wild over its white ceiling, has above its doorway Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, dark and purposeful. Hers is hardly what one would call a drawing-room face, as also is not that of the most famous of all descendants of the house of Hastings—the great Warren, who hangs rather grimly over the chimney-piece, with a low forehead, redeemed by the strength of a big nose. Much more in keeping with the genius of the room is George IV., plump and handsome. He was often here in the days when he was Prince of Wales, and his little court of wits did their best to remove the reproach of solemnity which the Countess Selina had brought upon the house.

In this house, too, as Lord Donington tells us, Tom Moore lived for some years, enjoying the advantages of the fine library, which is a long room, seventy-two feet by twenty-six, with a wall of looking-glass at the end to double its apparent length; a ceiling of cedar, not very lofty, and, besides its books, some interesting portraits and a valuable collection of "royal and noble letters." These were carefully classified by Mr. Edward Dawson during his stewardship at Donington. In the picture of the Duc d'Angoulême, which, with that of the Comte d'Artois, hangs in this room, Donington Hall is seen in the background, looking just as it looks to-day.

It is an excellent feature of the portraits in this house that nearly all of them have their names plainly painted for all the world to see—a plan which avoids a good deal of discussion, not always complimentary to the artist. Among others which we have not mentioned are a fine picture of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, a pretty Jane Ford, a Cardinal Pole, a King of Oude, and two or three portraits of the great Countess—one with a very ugly baby, another a mezzotint which is nothing short of hideous.

The courtyard inclosed by the quadrangle of house is very

bare—as bare as courtyard well could be; and a plain, narrow white corridor leads from the hall to the little eastern door—not far from a fine airy kitchen with timbered ceiling—whereby is the entrance to the chapel. This is very pretty, with its fine choir of carved wood, its wooden rafters aloft, and its window of richly coloured glass at the end. One cannot but fear that Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, would have called such adornment Popish.

Not far away, in the precincts of Donington, there is just a trace of the doings of religious men in days when Wesleyans were not thought of, nor, indeed, any manner of Protestants. A hospital was founded here, in the time of Henry II., by John de Laci, who died in the Holy Land in 1179; and of this a few vestiges, now part of some cottages, are yet to be seen. More by token, the street which adjoins them is still known as The Spittal.

Though Donington Hall stands, as has been said, at the end of three little valleys, it is yet higher than most of the country round; and behind it a tree-clad hill runs beautifully up to Donington Cliff, "richly clothed with a hanging wood almost to the margin of the Trent, with a very spacious and noble reach above." There are no gardens except a kitchen garden: Lord Donington likes better the avenues and glades of the park, and the lovely natural views of countryside and river. Up to the right, to westward of the house, there slopes a little hill, past old oaks and hawthorns coral red with blossom and a small, swan-loved pond. The most ancient and famous oak is yet sturdy among its green leaves as an old Norman keep clad in ivy; and grotesque with its huge knobs and bulging uprightness as a gigantic Chinese image. At the top of the hill is a pile of rough blocks of stone, above them rises a cross, and beneath the Countess of Loudoun's hand lies buried. Here, sitting and looking back, you have a view, across the red hawthorn, of the top of the great house. Such a bird's-eye view of roof and chimney is always interesting, and here it is made picturesque by the trees, dark green against the grey, beautifully placed on the hillside beyond.

And, turning your back upon this view, you face a finer. From your rough stone seat you look down upon the Trent—smooth, shining, and lazy—with here and there a tree reflected in its waters. Beyond, to northward, lies the level land of Derbyshire, which has not here begun to rise into tors and peaks. A railway, looking very little in the distance, runs to Derby. Hedgerows, dotted with trees, divide the land into fields of moderate size; and half-a-dozen fields away,



MONUMENT IN THE PARK.

the pale red of a village, with roofs of brighter red, shows out against the green.

Leftwards, across the river, dark hills border a smaller plain, more rich in trees. Below, between the cross and this landscape of river and mead, great oaks and elms stand in solid line, dense with June foliage. Buttercups sparkle in the grass, and there are darker patches of nettles and prickly things. Birds keep up a constant chatter: the industrious cuckoo never ceases long; a rabbit now and then runs by in a hurry; there is a sweet, cool breeze for all the hot sunshine. Just to the right is a fine old tree, of which an immense bough—say a quarter of the whole—has lately fallen to the ground, and lies there, dead and leafless, not broken clean off the trunk, but with a great wound showing.

By the riverside, at the bottom of the hill, a narrow path to the right takes you to a pretty boat-house. It is in the style of cottage architecture, always considered appropriate to boat-houses—which is to say that it is built of wood, in *chalet* fashion, with a thatched roof; and its state of decay is so advanced and picturesque that the gaping boards are very unsafe walking. A little farther along the river are "The Mills," much sketched by wandering artists.

Not far away, but to the left, is a celebrated corner of the park, long known as Nancy Dale's Watering, though who Nancy Dale was, or wherefore her name is thus remembered, no one seems to know. The corner is pretty, nevertheless, with a peep across the bare trunk of a tree which has fallen into the water of the winding river. A tongue of land beyond is bright with buttercups so far away as only to give a yellower colour to the grass's green. Cows, white and red, wander in the sunlight. Beyond, across the river's second bend, a mass of trees overhangs the bank: farther still are trees on the riverside, and glimmering reflected in the stream; with white dots slowly moving far away—which dots are grazing cows.

Leaving Donington Park by the lodge-gate through which we entered, the road, which dips deep into a valley, under a bridge of chain swung across from wall to wall of the park, and then we come again upon the mills, lately mentioned. There is a large weir good for fishing; a long plain building, with cottages for millfolk beside it, was grey and is green with age; in front are the dark arches of a bridge, upon which have grown up buildings of stained, patched, and mottled red. Just round the corner, standing with feet in the cool water, are red-brick ruins of a paper-mill, which has long ceased to make paper; and here is a lovely view of the quiet river beyond the white-foamed weirs, and of that noble bank of trees, massive and sombre, which hedges in the park.

EDWARD ROSE.



DONINGTON HALL, THE SEAT OF LORD DONINGTON.



G. MONTBARD

F.P. Sc

VIEW IN THE PARK.

M. BOURGET'S NEW NOVEL.

BY ANDREW LANG.

There is, to an English reader, something very attractive, sympathetic, antipathetic, provoking, and amusing in the novels of Monsieur Paul Bourget. He loves our people, which is odd in a Frenchman, and says kind things about us, while one fears that he understands us no more than we understand the French. Other French authors rebuke him for this sentiment, absurdly, for, however our interests and French interests have clashed and may clash, that nation is irresistibly dear to all people of letters. In this respect the Republic of Letters is, or ought to be, like the kingdom of Heaven, without distinction of Greek or barbarian. With Greece and Rome, Italy, Germany, and England, France is one of the chief States of the lettered Commonwealth, wherein all should be brethren. M. Paul Bourget seems to be of this opinion, which has nothing whatever to do with politics, past, present, or future. Personally I would not mind exchanging the Duke of Wellington for Joan of Arc: both sides have their heroes, their illustrious and melancholy memories. Again, M. Bourget is sympathetic, because he admires and appreciates the past, feudal and Catholic. The people of the past had an idea, if they did not consistently make it real in their lives. To have had an idea, a creed, is much; to hanker after what, frankly speaking, cannot return for at least a thousand years is rather provoking. M. Bourget's new novel, "Terre Promise," after a score of fiascos, ends in a scene between a young psychological novelist and an old-fashioned Catholic French soldier. They see the Pope in his garden—a moving spectacle; but the young novelist does not really believe in the Pope, and so he does not advance beyond sentiment. We might as well pine after Apollo and Delphi as after the Holy Father and the Vatican. Now, this rather elaborate wistfulness is the irritating aspect of M. Bourget's attitude. For his young novelist, Dorsenne, to shut his eyes and swallow encyclicals is clearly out of the question. His business is to find a solution of the cosmical problem which is feasible, for him. The ideas by which men live, and for which they will die, are not a branch of the fine arts, or we might all go after the Olympian gods. Faith and aesthetics move on totally different planes: there is no help for Dorsenne in this direction. "Almost thou persuadest me" is the utmost extent of his confession: he will never be quite persuaded—never shake off the habit of looking at life as a spectator in a theatre.

This is in itself vexatious. We cannot expect M. Dorsenne to give up living a contemplative life among people deplorably modern in the worst sense of the word. "What a world!—what a life!" as Mr. Matthew Arnold said about the circle of Godwin and Shelley. As the eminent tradesman is said to have remarked, they are "very mixed." We have a Pole—Boleslas Gorka—married to an English lady who is an honour to her sex and our nation. But Gorka is the lover of a middle-aged Venetian married woman—a *femme de quarante ans*. She is forty, fair, not unbecomingly fat; she has no morals at all, in the ordinary sense of the word, and when Boleslas is in Poland she jilts him for another married man, an American artist, Lincoln Maitland. "Now, Lincoln is a bounder," like a hero of Mr. Besant's. He is married to a lady who is, perhaps, descended from kings, but, if so, as in the case of the Fair Cuban, they are "African, unhappily": Mrs. Maitland is an octoroon. Her brother is so devoted to her husband, Maitland, that he connives at Maitland's love affair with the stout Venetian. This is carrying affection for a brother-in-law to an extraordinary length. But heredity accounts for it. The traditions of centuries of slavery make Maitland's brother-in-law a slave to his great big bounding kinsman. Then we have the Venetian lady's pretty daughter, who is in love with the psychological novelist, and finally tells him so with perfect frankness. What a position for a man! But the novelist is no ordinary man, and he does not suffer himself to be led to the altar. Then we have a hateful swindling capitalist, an ex-merchant of bric-à-brac named Hafner, a *vieillard* of fifty-four, with a pretty daughter, whose nose, in the pictures, is sufficiently Semitic. She deserts the errors of Judaism for those of the Church of Rome, but, discovering the iniquities of her father, declines to marry the grand-nephew of a Pope, who is an Italian Johnnie. Finally, we have a terrible female villain in Mrs. Maitland, who writes anonymous letters to all and sundry, breaks a hole in a pane of frosted glass, and shows to the daughter of the fair Venetian the spectacle of that mature charmer embracing the painter—the American bounder. Then bombs burst in all directions, and the curious reader may find out what became of them all for himself.

This is very unlike M. Bourget's other novels, wherein nothing ever occurs. Here there are incidents. There are two duels in one chapter, as in *Lever* or *Boisgobey*. But this is a weak point in psychological novel-writing. *Lever* and the lamented *Fortuné* were better at a duel than M. Bourget. Pistols are used; now much more entertainment, as a rule, can be got out of small swords. Still, the mere introduction of two combats into a single chapter shows tendencies towards a far more entertaining kind of romance than psychologists usually allow us. There is a good deal of *Boisgobey* in this Bourget; the question is whether these contrary elements can really make a fortunate mixture. The psychology is excellent. The fair Venetian is admirably designed, with her unscrupulous courage, and her entire want of heart, except for amatory purposes. The theatrical Pole, a conscious actor even in his most impassioned moments, is good also: like the cool, calculating cosmopolitan Hebrew scoundrel. The *ingénues* are of a type we never meet at home: they may, however, be like real *ingénues*. Montfanon, the feudal Catholic, strayed out of the age of Saint Louis or of the League, is the one really sympathetic person, a position which he is manifestly meant to hold. His contempt for these cosmopolitan reps and demireps is absolute; but surely we can despise them and avoid

them (to be sure, they are not likely to seek us) without being spiritual or actual descendants of the Crusaders. The taste for psychology which endures such morbid specimens of mankind must be unusually strong. In managing his tale, M. Bourget has more frequently to go back and make long explanations involving heredity than one would expect in so practised a hand. He has not been very skilful in the exposition of his fable. As to the illustrations, look at p. 430, and you understand M. Dorsenne's powers of resistance. "Processes" are very spotty and blotchy things—would that they had never been invented!

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The craze for "spelling reform" is no longer confined to the Fonetik rump in England and the *sapeurs* of America; it has spread to France and had encouragement from M. Gréard of the Academy. M. Francisque Sarcey raised his voice on the same side a week or two ago in *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*. As a ninepin, to be bowled over promptly, he sets up "une dame de beaucoup de sens et d'esprit" who objects that if spelling is to be simplified, one of the last barriers against Democracy will be thrown down. Orthography, she declares, is the shibboleth by which *nous autres* recognise one another. If one's correspondent puts two *n's* into *honorer*, or only one into *honneur*, one *p* into *j'appartiens* and two into *apercevoir*, one knows his or her class in an instant. Appreciation of anomalies is difficult, but being the result of a trained sense is precious as an infallible touchstone. The useless *o* in *paon* delights MM. Leconte de Lisle and Coppée because it is useless and magnificent, like the tail of the bird itself, which it paints to the refined reader's eye.

M. Sarcey has too much tact to pursue the question into its philological recesses. He takes it as the text for an attack on bureaucracy, and on the Philistine caste-spirit of which, in France, bureaucracy is the most tyrannous manifestation. When Gambetta put his fellow-journalist Weiss into the Foreign Office, Edmond About made all Paris laugh—Paris laughs easily—by comparing Weiss to a sparrow in a cathedral. About was, therefore, a Philistine, and when Weiss, by the fall of his patron, was relieved from the fetters of office, he took a brilliant revenge on Philistia.

Why, goes on M. Sarcey, should not France, like another great Republic, have the courage of her Republicanism, and take her rulers and officials from any pit from which she can dig them—be it the log-shanty, or at the Bar (with a big B), or at the bar (with a little b)? This was the way "à la belle époque de l'ancienne France," in the days of the great kings—François I., Henri IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. The Revolution, which, it is fondly imagined, opened all careers to all, did the very opposite.

"And pray, what has all this about M. Weiss and careers to do with orthography?" asks *la grand dame de par le monde*. "Everything," responds M. Sarcey. The questions are one and the same. France sets up her anomalous spelling between its welfare and the crowd of competent men who have not had the time or the taste to learn a useless science. The Revolution will not be complete until this barrier, its own creation, is cast down. He will bet a hundred to one that Bougainville could not spell—no better, at all events, than Madame de Sévigné or Voltaire. His heart bleeds to think of the precious hours lost in learning to spell better than these distinguished people.

The same number of the *Annales* contains something even more interesting than M. Sarcey's tirade—one of the last pages written by Guy de Maupassant before his breakdown. It is an exquisite piece of work, not the less that it seems to have been done under some premonition of what was coming. Its very title indicates something of the kind—"Qui sait?" It purports to be written in a *maison de santé* to which he has voluntarily retired "for repose."

He was living all alone in a large house in the suburbs of a town—his servants occupying a pavilion in the grounds. Returning from the theatre one night, on foot, he hears, as he approaches the house, strange noises coming from the inside. After some time he summons courage and opens the door, and finds that the noises come from the movements of his furniture, which is speedily collecting itself from all parts of the house in the hall. He sees the company pass through the open door—the sofas swaying themselves like crocodiles on their short legs, the chairs and little footstools trotting like rabbits. He seizes this and that, but to no purpose, and soon everything has disappeared.

He returns to the town, sleeps at the hotel, and in the morning receives a visit from his valet, who, to his great joy, informs him that during the night his house has been emptied by thieves. He is glad, because he had feared himself to be under a delusion. The police are informed, but can find out nothing. He travels abroad, and, on returning, visits Rouen. In a bric-à-brac shop there he discovers all his furniture, save his desk, in which were all his papers. Making no sign to the proprietor of the shop, he buys one or two articles, pays for them, and informs the police, who place a guard about the shop, for it is evening and the shop has been closed. In the morning it does not open: the proprietor is nowhere to be found. Forceful entry is made, but his furniture is no longer visible, and its place is occupied by other and similar pieces. The commissaire has no doubt that the shop communicates with others, and that the exchange has been made during the night.

But nothing, neither the furniture nor the dealer, can be found. A fortnight passes, and, still at Rouen, he receives a letter from his gardener—a letter announcing that all the furniture has come back as suddenly and mysteriously as it went away! The police are satisfied that it is merely a clever restitution. But he is not satisfied. He feels that he can no longer live in a world where such things may repeat themselves, and he retires into the *maison de santé* from which he writes. His one fear is that the bric-à-brac dealer, who does not return to his shop, may have gone mad and be sent to the same retreat. A weird story, and told in language as exquisite as the teller was master of in his prime. K.

THE BEHRING SEA ARBITRATION.

We must go back twenty years, to the days of the Alabama tribunal, to find arbitration proceedings of equal importance to those to be begun in Paris on March 23 by the Behring Sea Court of Arbitration. Then, as now, the disputants were Great Britain on the one hand, and the United States on the other, and friends of the Munroe doctrine will not be slow to find the real source of both disputes in the presence of a European Power on North American soil. Then, as now, arbitrators were called together on neutral ground to settle by an appeal to reason what for one brief moment threatened to end in an appeal to brute force. Twenty years ago the danger of a breach of the peace arose when the Confederate steamer Alabama was allowed by the British Government to leave British waters, where it was built and fitted, to pursue a mission of destruction among the merchant shipping of the North on the high seas. England was then the aggressor, and the arbitrators held her responsible to the extent of three millions sterling. In the Behring Sea arbitration the tables are in a measure turned. Now it is England that is the aggrieved party. During the period from 1887 to 1890 United States revenue cutters have seized, in various parts of the Behring Sea, nineteen sealing vessels belonging to the Canadian subjects of her Majesty on the nominal ground that they were trespassing within United States limits; and not until after weary wranglings between London and Washington—at one time, in June 1890, leading to a formal and emphatic British protest—was an agreement to refer the question to arbitration signed at Washington on Feb. 29, 1892.

The questions to be solved by the arbitrators are primarily questions of jurisdiction. What exclusive rights



LORD HANNEN.
Chief British Arbitrator.

in Behring Sea did Russia possess before she ceded Alaska to the United States? How far did Great Britain concede these claims? How were Russian rights affected by the Russo-British treaty of 1825? Did all Russia's rights pass unimpaired to the United States at the time of the cession of Alaska in

1867? What right, if any, has the United States over fur seals frequenting United States islands in Behring Sea when such seals are found outside the ordinary territorial limit of three miles? These are the five points which, after much crossing of diplomatic swords, Lord Salisbury and Mr. Blaine agreed should be placed before the arbitrators for "distinct decision upon each," while two other questions, which occupied a large share of the diplomatic correspondence, the protection of the fur seals in Behring Sea and the compensation of the aggrieved sealers, come before the Court only as subsidiary matters.

The arbitrators have, therefore, a very clear issue to decide, and it will be strange if so powerful a tribunal fail to arrive at a just and final settlement. Now, as in 1871, the aid of three foreign Powers has been called in. Then Switzerland, Italy, and Brazil were asked to name arbitrators, and Geneva was chosen as a fitting place of meeting. Now France, Italy, and Sweden and Norway perform the same kindly office, and have nominated Baron de Courcelles (since appointed President of the Court), the Marquis Visconti Venosti, and M. Gram. Lord Hannen and Sir John Thompson act as British arbitrators, with the Hon. C. H. Tupper as the British Agent; while Mr. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and Senator John P. Morgan are the United States arbitrators, with ex-Secretary of State Foster as the United States Agent. The representatives both of the United States and Great Britain occupy a high position in their respective countries. Especially is this true of the British side. Lord Hannen established his reputation for high judicial qualities during the Parnell Commission. Sir John Thompson has, as Canadian Minister of Justice, had the question under close review from its very inception, and his recent selection for the Dominion Premiership is the best evidence of his capacity adequately to represent Great Britain in a matter so closely affecting Canadian interests. Mr. Tupper is another member of the Dominion Cabinet whose special care this dispute has been, and it is safe to say that the British case will lose none of its force in his hands. As yet the proceedings of the Court have been purely preparatory to the full meeting on March 23, but it is a happy augury that even the formal opening last month should have been marked by social unions. Now that the time for business has arrived, it will be found to run none the less smoothly because of these pleasant interchanges.

The Royal College of Physicians of London has obtained, by a legal decision of Lord Justice A. L. Smith in the Court of Queen's Bench on March 8, the recognition of its claim to grant certificates or diplomas to its licentiates to practise surgery as well as medicine. It was an action brought by this College against the General Medical Council, who had refused, under an interpretation of the Medical Act of 1886, to register an applicant holding the College diploma as entitled to practise surgery. The Judge went into an interesting examination of the old charters and statutes affecting respectively the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons, originally the Barber Surgeons' Company, and the decision of the Court was in favour of the plaintiffs.

THE LATE M. TAINÉ.

AN APPRECIATION BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

Taine interested me in the same way that Holland did. Each work of his save one—and I am not sure whether it was an exception—was the fruit of dogged, persevering labour and of careful thought nourished with observation and the patient kind of study that an acute and sagacious lawyer might bestow upon an involved case in which he had to depend on piecing together minute bits of evidence. He had little intuition beyond a sense of duty and an instinctive belief in hard work. "Where there's a will there's a way" would have expressed the first article of his scheme of life. He was naturally disposed to like what was decent, orderly, kindly, and, must it be said also, "to love a lord," as he showed in his placing himself on the side of the ducal party at the French Academy. But though not intuitive, and owing so much to mental toil, he was highly original, and differed as greatly from each and all of his brilliant class-fellows of the *École Normale des Hautes Études* as a Dutch town differs from a French town or a Dutch landscape from any prospect that France can afford. Is there anything more picturesque, notwithstanding its flatness, than the scenery of the Netherlands, because of its extraordinary originality and the powerfully strong impression it forces home on the mind of the flat meadows, the formal and brightly blooming gardens, the clean snug houses, the canals which light up the country by mirroring the sky in their placid waters—all being fruits of dogged and intelligent labour? For works of observation Taine was, to all appearance, disabled by defective sight. His eyes were so near-sighted that he could hardly read without holding the printed matter or writing close to his face. With this he squinted. Long spells of visual attention made his head giddy. This source of discomfort tended to disappear as he advanced in life. I also doubt whether in France he was in a congenial soil for his mental and moral growth, or that he was fully acclimatised. His English tastes were a case of atavism, his family being from Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he believed they must have mixed and intermarried time out of mind with English. At any rate, his grandmother was English, and Taine learned as a child her mother tongue from one of her sons, who settled when young in America, and returned, an old man, to stay with his French relatives. This uncle was attached to Taine, finding fault only with his Christian name of Hippolyte, to which he could never get reconciled. I heard these particulars a good many years ago at the house of the author's brother at Orsay, where he was thriving in an unobtrusive way as a notary.

Louis Blanc spoke of Taine as feeding his readers on tinned meats and vegetables which were far from keeping the promise they made to the palate and wholly wanting in natural aroma. He called his style *rouilleux*. There was a good deal in the criticism. Prince Napoleon, no bad critic either—of whom Taine used to be a respectful, though not an obsequious courtier before the fall of the Empire and the election of the Duc d'Aumale to the French Academy—called Taine, in his attack upon his study of the

Great Napoleon, "an artisan in mosaics." The portraits he did were composed atom by atom, were works of patience, and decorative; but they had no inwardness, and were not therefore informing. Taine wanted discernment in choosing his materials. What he most sought for in them was capacity to dovetail with other bits and scraps that he had got hold of. Literary society and Academicians raved about Taine's "Napoleon." They believed it to be true, and predicted for it immortality; but as they were lauding in the highest, Marbot's "Memoirs" came out and utterly shattered the cunningly executed mosaic into which no breath of life had been breathed.

Taine's theory, which he made the rule of his literary work, was that we are entirely the product of environment.

to the point of breaking bounds, but did not learn to what a degree it may be independent of epoch and environment. The saying, "The wind bloweth where it listeth," had, I fear, no meaning for Taine, who only began to understand when it was too late that what is purely objective in the human being is mere dry bones unless there is a rich subjective side also to give it impetus and wings.

Taine was not merely out of touch with the French Revolutionary spirit, but instinctively held it in aversion. He was almost blind to the work it did and is doing in the world. Notwithstanding the fatalism of his philosophy, he was unable to perceive that Revolutions must needs have been of frequent recurrence in France since the glacier of Romano-Feudal despotism was well melted for the

first time by the participation of Louis XVI. as an ally of Washington in the War of American Independence. The melted ice had to drag nasty drift with it, to form moraines, and in running down slopes to leap in cataracts, which are splendid things in their way, and can even be turned to industrial uses, but are impediments to navigation.

When I first saw Taine he was already rich—his books selling well and he having married the daughter of a wealthy decorative house-painter. The meeting was in a railway carriage. He saw that I was reading the *Daily News*, and edged up to me to ask if I would, when I had done with it, lend it to him. Having done this and received the paperback, we fell into conversation, and the talk became to me most interesting. I knew that I was speaking to some first-rate man, but had no idea who he was, nor did he tell me until we got to the end of the journey, when he gave me his name and address, and said that it would afford him great pleasure to go on at his house with the conversation. At that time he lived in the Rue Barbet de Jouey, after residing in a solemn-looking old house facing the Morgue and Notre Dame, in l'Île St. Louis. On the occasion I speak of, Taine struck me before he chatted as a solid, comfortably off Belgian, of the Flemish provinces. He was fleshy but not corpulent, had well-shaped features and a massive head. The sandy beard was sparse, his hair a pale brown, and his face rather sallow and of a complexion rhyming with that word. The eyes were pleasant once he got into touch, they expressing kind, intelligent curiosity and honesty, the cast notwithstanding. His manners could not have been more unassuming. But, to use an expressive French phrase, they were *bien posés*, and spoke of the

habit of feeling a good position which relieved him from the need of pushing his way. Nobody could have been more free from that hateful vice of our day, the passion for self-advertisement. A photograph of his was never in the market. He sat with reluctance for his portrait as a staff-writer of *Les Débats*. It was to be brought into a collective picture of all his then living colleagues for a history of that paper that was to appear on its centenary. Taine's unobtrusive disposition led him to keep quietly in his home circle, and to dread press publicity. There was firmness in his conduct towards himself and towards those by whom he was surrounded, but no masterfulness. The general conditions of Parisian life were not congenial to him. He recoiled from Paris and all its ways, and most of all from Boulevard prostitution of wit and talent, going to stay, as much as his family obligations and literary affairs would let him, to a place he built for himself on the lake of Annecy in Savoy. There he kept the best part of his library, and there he is buried. It may be said of him that he was in all things sincere, righteous of purpose, and of a goodly life.

SPECTAVI.

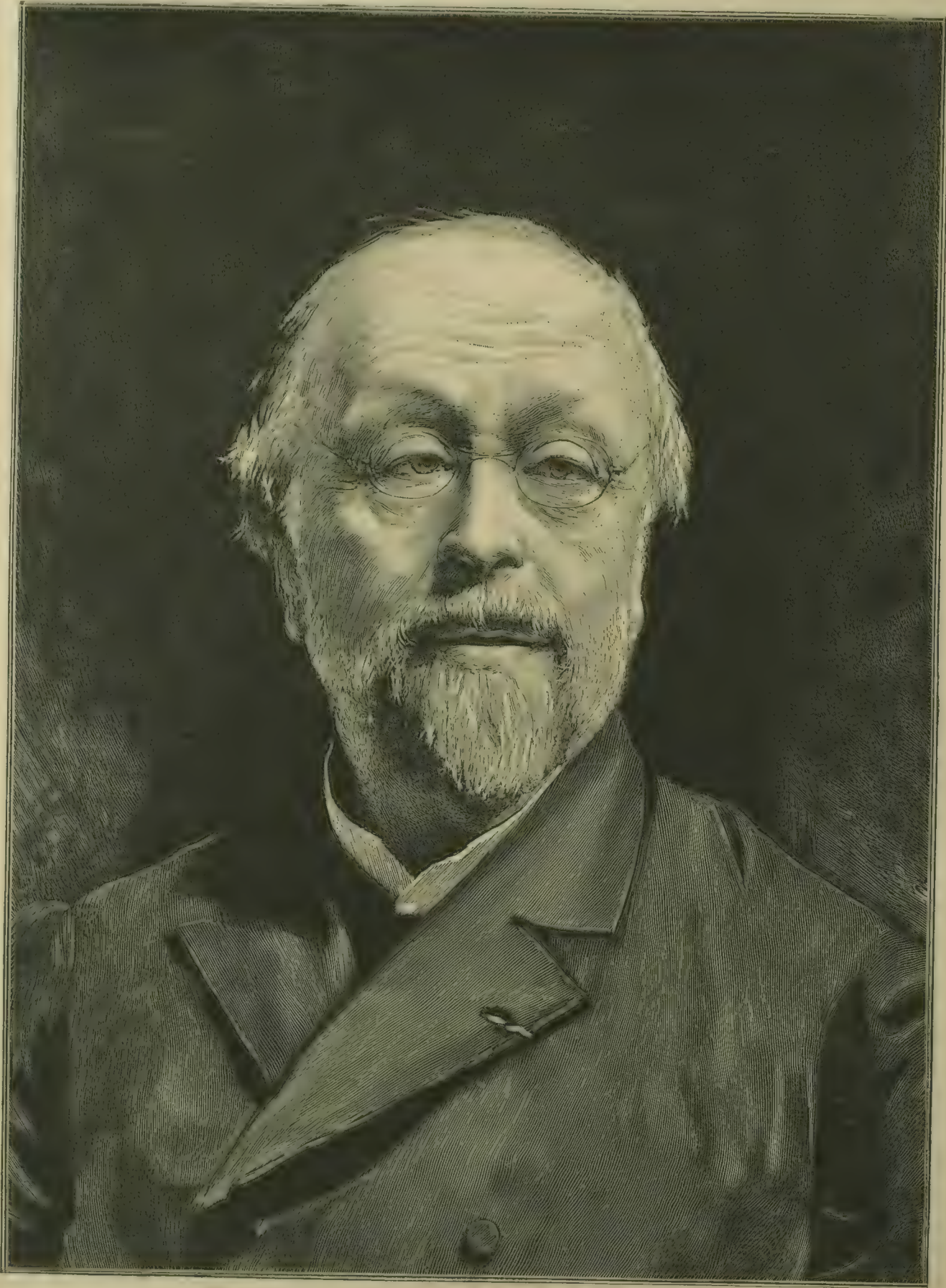


Photo by Braun, Clément and Co., of Paris.

THE LATE HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINÉ.

After a picture by Bonnat.

Environment doubtless gives a general complexion, and possibly more, to the mind. When millions grow up in similar environments they have a family likeness, and are easily welded into a nation. Taine left so little place for intuition that there is a deadness in most of his writings, and not least in those into which he forced cleverness as if by means of a screw-press. They are bright enough, but life is wanting. Taine's studies on foreign lands and localities new to him that he visited are exceptions to his want of life, and the comparative studies on France and England the happiest of any. Mr. J. R. Robinson, with his keen instinct for what is capital journalistic matter, pounced on the advanced sheets of these studies and gave them in an English form to the readers of the *Daily News*. Indeed, whenever Taine went to England for a subject he was best inspired, for there his sympathies had fuller scope. The more active play widened his mental vision, and gave him afflatus. He found in England more than elsewhere the æsthetic virtue of idiosyncrasy strong

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

The Home Rule frenzy is strong in the March *Contemporary*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, the *National*, and *Blackwood*. I mention their names in this way so that the citizen who is weary of the prevailing epidemic may know how to arrange his quarantine. But if he would like to learn whether there is a single novel suggestion on the devouring topic in these reviews, I can assure him there is none save Mr. Frederic Harrison's proposal that the members of the Irish Legislative Council, as that body is projected by the Home Rule Bill, should also be members of the House of Commons. When Mr. Harrison goes in for satire his depth is quite unfathomable, for there is clearly a bottomless profundity in the idea of letting Ireland be represented in the Imperial Parliament by legislators elected on a twenty-pound franchise and by about a hundred and fifty thousand persons. In the *New Review* Sir Charles Dilke holds out the pleasing prospect that Parliament may sit till the autumn; and in *Macmillan* Mr. Frederick Greenwood discourses on the pessimism of Mr. Charles Pearson's remarkable book, "National Life and Character." Mr. Greenwood calls his article "The Limbo of Progress," a cheering title for the optimist who expects great things from a Parliament resolutely doing its duty all through the dog-days and all through the partridge-shooting. Perhaps it is more agreeable to reflect that there will always be partridges than that somebody will always propose reforms which will not help the world much if Mr. Pearson is right, and the black and yellow men are to be dominant on the earth. Such a future may well make one exclaim with the Irishman who was told that he ought to remember posterity, "Posterity indeed! And what has posterity done for me?" If our descendants are to be mowed up in the Temperate Zone by a guild of inferior races, it might be a charity to cultivate pigtales at once, in order to let our posterity down easily.

There is a vague despondency in all the magazines—a tendency to discuss subjects not in themselves exhilarating, such as vaccination against cholera, and the depression of trade. Dr. Haffkine states in the *Fortnightly* that the choleraic vaccination has proved efficacious in the lower animals, but that its utility for man lacks experiment. A fellow-student offered himself as a subject, but Dr. Haffkine shrank from taking him at his word. There is an American journalist who has swallowed every noxious draught and inoculated himself with every dangerous injection, and is apparently none the worse; but Dr. Haffkine remarks, with some pathos, that you cannot argue from the robust constitution of an American journalist any positive conclusion about the rest of the human race. The depression of trade produces a symposium of contradictions in the *Fortnightly*, no two authorities being of the same mind. But what is the use of an authority except to give piquancy to confusion? Mr. Dolman has an interesting paper in the *New Review* on Mr. George Meredith as a journalist. It appears that Mr. Meredith used to write political articles in a good old Tory print in the Eastern Counties. Mr. Dolman gives some specimens of these compositions, in which Mr. Meredith's admirers will be delighted to note many a characteristic phrase. There is, in particular, an article on an alleged peccadillo of Palmerston, who is described as one of the "aged juveniles" who are always toasting the ladies. This was five-and-thirty years ago at least, and it is pleasing to discern in the sprightly banter directed against old Pam something of that exquisite comedy which pervades a famous scene at a dinner-table in "Evan Harrington." Mr. Meredith can look back on his journalism with the satisfied sense that his wit was his own. I grieve to say that an article on Lady Morgan in *Temple Bar* reveals the fact that Disraeli borrowed from her his celebrated quip about the "extinct volcanoes." O these *bons mots*! What havoc they play with reputations when they come home to their proper roost!

In *Cornhill* there are some "unpublished" letters of Wordsworth which ought to make everybody who feels he is going to be celebrated extract a solemn pledge from his friends to burn his correspondence. Peter Bell does not shine in these missives. There is more of yellow jaundice in them than yellow primrose. He says, for instance, that a certain critic is "a maggot crawling out of the dead carcase of the *Edinburgh Review*." This sort of irritation "smells to heaven" like the offence of Claudius. A great writer may have moments when he is only a prig in a passion, but their ghosts ought not to be summoned against him in "unpublished" letters long after he is dead. To such crude personality the fastidious elusiveness of Mr. Henry James is the most suggestive contrast. His article on Flaubert in *Macmillan* is like a fine blend of spiritual tobacco. You smoke, and a multitude of indefinite images pass pleasantly through your mind, leaving behind them the most delicate ashes. From that perfumed atmosphere what a change to Dumas *redivivus* in *Harper's*! For it is clear that Mr. Conan Doyle, in "The Refugees," has come under the spell of the great Alexandre. There is an incident of a lady saved from decapitation by two gentlemen, who jump head first through a window just in the nick of time to arrest the axo and brain the headsman. It is an adventure in which Athos, Porthos, and Aramis would have delighted, and quite in their best manner. It distracted me from a most important branch of the social revolution—to wit, the revolt of the domestic servants, on which Miss Clementina Black descends in the *Nineteenth Century*. "Service," as Miss Black explains, is alien to the nature of every true feminine democrat. So be respectful to the housemaid, I adjure you, or she will brandish a mop and march to Hyde Park. L. F. A.

ENGLISH GOLDSMITHS' WORK FOR THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company of London, at 112, Regent Street, have placed on view there for three days, March 20, 21, and 22, several beautiful examples of their art and manufactures about to be sent to the great International Exhibition in the United States of America. The subjects of the illustrative designs being of high interest both to England and to America, we proceed to describe these works, and briefly to explain the representations in our Engravings.

THE COLUMBIAN SHIELD.

Made entirely of solid silver; panels modelled and chased in high relief. Scenes of the discovery of America by Columbus; the squadron in the port of Palos receiving a priestly blessing; Columbus in his vessel pointing out land to the mutinous crew. In centre medallion the raising of the Spanish flag on the American shore; above, the reception of Columbus, on his return, by King Ferdinand and



THE COLUMBIAN SHIELD FOR THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

Queen Isabella of Spain; to right and left, seated female figures, one with a horse, the other with a bison, emblematic of Spain and America; below sits a figure holding the model of a ship, symbolical of Navigation. The border of the shield decorated with various American plants and flowers; at the top a medallion portrait of Columbus, and the American eagle, with the flags of Spain and of the United States.

THE SHAKSPERIAN CASKET.

Made of eighteen-carat gold on an iron body, with parts damascened; rich gold mouldings, two gold medallions, six framed enamel paintings; stands on four gold and damascened feet. The front contains, in the centre, Shakspeare's portrait, from the bust in Stratford Church; and two enamel pictures—namely, those of Titania caressing Bottom with the ass's head, while Puck and Oberon are approaching; and Prospero, with Ariel, at the entrance to the cave, watching Ferdinand and Miranda. On the back of the casket is a view, in gold repoussé work, of Shakspeare's birthplace, with two enamel pictures,



SHAKSPERIAN CASKET FOR THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

one of which is that of King Lear with his daughter Cordelia, the other is Romeo with Juliet in the moonlight balcony scene. The pictures at the ends of the casket show, respectively, Othello telling his warlike adventures to Desdemona and her father, and a scene in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The lid is elaborately ornamented with charming details; on the summit is Shakspeare's crest, the falcon holding a lance; the figures reclining below it are Poetry and Dramatic Art; the masks of Tragedy and Comedy occupy separate medallions. At the base of this casket is a surrounding series of twenty-four subjects from different plays by Shakspeare, "The Tempest," "Macbeth," "Measure for Measure," and the "Comedy of Errors," contributing the subjects in front. Every part of the manufacture, including the damascened patterns and arabesques of rich and various device, is British workmanship.

THE CLOCK FOR AMERICA.

Octagonal pedestal, made of the finest American walnut wood, decorated with brass ornaments, elegantly chased and richly gilt. The columns of the pedestal surmounted by heads of American animals. In the upper panels of the pedestal are the medallion portraits of Franklin, Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Harrison, and Cleveland. The lower panels display the sports of running, leaping, swimming, trotting, yachting, baseball, and cycling, and a view of Brooklyn suspension-bridge. Twelve figures of players in these and other athletic exercises, wrestling and boxing, riding, rowing, shooting, tennis, cricket, and football, stand on the top of the pedestal around the base of the clock. The four sides of the clock are guarded by figures which personify Art, Science, Industry, and Engineering. On the top is Fame. The clock is musical, playing chimes and the English and American National Anthems. The twelve figures of players revolve around it with the chimes.

CLOCK FOR THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

In Church circles, especially in Wales, the one theme is the Suspensory Bill. The Bishops are bestirring themselves, but it is complained, as I write, that no effectual steps in defence are being taken in Cardiff. What will really be of consequence is the detachment of Gladstonians from their party; and it remains to be seen how far that can be accomplished. In Scotland we shall soon see. Although the Suspensory Bill has not been brought in, the Church is up in arms, and the leaders have spoken their mind. They have gone so far in Glasgow as to appoint a special day of prayer against the measure. Dissenters in Scotland are not enamoured of the Suspensory Bill, and the Free Church has as yet taken no action on the subject in any of her courts. But in Banffshire an election contest is being fought which will show how matters are going as well as anything can. Banffshire has long been a Liberal constituency, but if the Churchmen there choose to abandon their party for the sake of their Church there is no doubt they can carry the Unionist candidate. Nothing can be said at this date save that the question is being brought under their attention very fully and clearly.

Father Hall's midday sermons in St. Paul's on the mission of John the Baptist have produced a very deep impression. The discourses might not be much to read, though they were often very happily phrased; but they were delivered with genuine fire and abandon. A touching reference to Bishop Phillips Brooks as an ideal preacher much moved the congregation.

The voluntary contributions for Church purposes during the year exceeded four millions sterling. Norwich, with £130,175, comes far in advance of Newcastle with £85,175, and Durham with £83,426. London and Rochester are, of course, at the head, raising about a million between them.

Mr. Lock's excellent biography of Keble recalls the fact that no promotion came to one of the most saintly and powerful men the Church of England ever numbered among her servants. In 1824 he was offered the Archdeaconry of Barbados, and this was the highest ecclesiastical promotion ever proposed to him! He was not even an honorary canon of the cathedral of his own diocese. The only compliment of the kind that ever came to him was from far-off Cumbræ. A Church paper says, "Mr. John Morley, indeed, chose to refuse to him the honourable companionship of English Men of Letters, but critics unswayed by anti-theological prepossessions will always dispute the justice of the decision." Perhaps the rulers of the Church of England are more evidently to blame than Mr. Morley.

It is not likely that Dr. Pierson will be permanently retained as pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. He has not been immersed, though it is understood that his views are now Baptist; and "no one can be called to the pastorate of the church at the Tabernacle unless he holds the doctrine of Particular Redemption and is a member of a Particular Baptist church." It is proposed that Mr. Spurgeon's brother and son should carry on the work between them. The church membership is still over 5000—the largest in the world.

The *Church Quarterly Review* criticises, in a very severe and rather smartly written article, "A. K. H. B.'s" "Reminiscences of St. Andrews." "Much of the praise bestowed on these volumes is even more nauseous than the blame. Oracular sentences are perpetually quoted from the author's private journal, in which the sermons of the greatest living preachers and addresses by the foremost men in literature and statesmanship are labelled 'truly excellent' or 'really splendid'—like advertisements of seamless carpets or unadulterated sherry." V.



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ART NOTES.

Reserving for a subsequent occasion any special reference to the pictures at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, it may suffice to say that there is little to indicate any desire on the part of the members or their friends to launch out into new fields or to grapple with any of the more novel developments of their art. The works, nearly seven hundred in number, are essentially conventional. The older favourites persevere in reproducing with less or greater variation themes and subjects now identified with their names—the younger exhibitors timidly following in the well-worn footsteps of their elders. The President, Sir James Linton, is unrivalled in his knowledge of the results to be obtained from water colours, and his portrait of Mrs. J. T. Wimperis (380) and the fancy head of "Anthea" (235) show his consummate skill in brushwork. No one has a finer sense of texture or a truer appreciation of flesh-tones, but further than these the President's art does not attempt to go. His only serious rival is Mr. E. J. Gregory, who contributes a delightful study of a small child, "In the Dumps" (253), in which the play of light on her frock and on the red drugget is most skilful. Mr. T. Austen Brown, who on more than one occasion has sent excellent work, is this year best represented by a girl spreading "New Bedding" (519) for calves in a byre. The half lights which make their way into the stable are carefully and judiciously disposed, and the drawing of the girl and the beasts leaves little to be desired. But this and Mr. Robert Fowler's equally ambitious picture "Sleep," a full-length figure of a girl under a bank of poppies, would have more successfully attained their aims had they been painted in oils.

There are always a few humorous works at the exhibitions of the Institute; and we are thankful to Mr. J. C. Dollman, Mr. Frank Dadd, Mr. Charles Green, and others for keeping this phase of art in the front. Highwaymen have often lent their aid to support the efforts of our artists in this direction, and this year they seem in especial request. One can hardly be certain whether the gentleman of the road who is "Shearing the Lambs"—a young ladies' school out for a walk—is an amateur or a professional. At any rate, he looks milder-mannered than the young lady who is scornfully producing a purse—obviously bulky with pence. The greatest novelty, however, in open-air life studies is Mr. Lucien Davis's "Hockey" (313), a knot of sprightly damsels eagerly engaged in this not very ladylike game. The artist, however, has avoided all the dangers of the scrimmage, and has produced a really graceful group of figures full of life and movement.

Among the landscapists there is an even greater tendency to repetition than among the figure-painters. We know pretty well what to expect from the two Messrs. Hine, father and son, Mr. Wimperis, Mr. Hargitt, Mr. Ammonier, and a dozen others who have long since mastered a method if they have not quite invented a style. We find them here as we knew them ten years ago: quite as clever and quite as uninteresting in their transcripts of nature. Mr. Edwin Bale leads one to hope that he is not

content to remain stationary, and his two views from the heights above Florence—one looking over the city (239) and the other across the plains of the Arno—are bold attempts to paint full sunlight. Mr. David Green's "Grey Day at St. Ives" (548), Mr. E. Davies's "Winter among Welsh Mountains" (172), and Mr. B. Benger's "Wye Valley" (137) are works by younger and less-known artists, who show considerable promise.

Among the minor exhibitions of the last week or two none has received more attention, and deservedly so, than Miss Rose Barton's series of water-colour sketches, or rather studies, of London Street-Life (Japanese Gallery, 28, New Bond Street). Some years ago we called attention to the promise which Miss Barton's work at the Society of Lady Artists then exhibited, and it is, therefore, gratifying to find that she has so well fulfilled our prognostication. The streets of London offer to everyone, except a Londoner, many picturesque features; and even the atmosphere we abuse so roundly is not without its artistic uses. Mr. Herbert Marshall was almost, if not quite, the first to discover this storehouse of studies lying around us, and Mr. H. Medlicott took up the theme; but they have left room enough for many followers, and amongst them Miss Rose Barton certainly deserves the first place. She has a delicate hand and a very quick eye for effects not only of colour but also of light and shadow; and some of her night scenes are amongst her best work, on account of her thorough sense of value in the distribution of light.

At the same gallery Mr. George C. Haité exhibits, rather unfortunately for their proper appreciation, a number of oil pictures illustrative of Dordrecht, that most picturesque and also most accessible of Dutch cities. Mr. Haité, however, has caught the leaden rather than the silvery tones of the Dutch sky and landscape, and it is only in one or two of his larger pictures that he seems to have had the courage to grapple with the more brilliant colouring of a Dutch market-place or landing-stage. In a way, Mr. Haité is true to the methods of the artists whose country he depicts; but he leaves out of his palette those very colours which made their work at once subdued and attractive.

Mr. Walter Langley, who exhibits his drawings of fisher-life (Fine Art Society), belongs to that section of the Newlyn school which prefers water colours to oil work. He enters thoroughly into the daily life of the people of the south and east coasts, among whom he works alternately, and, what is far better, he understands their "environment." It is this perception of the difference between the atmosphere of Cornwall and that of Suffolk, between the haze of the Atlantic and the sharpness of the North Sea, which gives value to his work. As a rule, we cannot help saying his fishermen are too obtrusive. They thrust themselves in all the healthy solidity of their build upon one's notice rather too prominently, and one feels disposed to move off from their too close proximity,

the four corners of the frame being apparently powerless to hold them back. As a painter of figures and scenery in direct light, Mr. Langley has not only his uses but his charms, and he deserves all credit for having boldly undertaken a task from which painters of achieved reputation in all times have discreetly shrunk.

Now that the coinage has been reformed—for the new patterns are already in circulation—it is to be hoped that someone will take up the cause of the long-suffering postage-stamp. When it first came into use, something like half a century ago, and for many years afterwards, it was known as the "Queen's Head." It is lucky that the term has fallen into oblivion, for no one would now connect the postage label with the reigning sovereign. The only recent effort in a new direction—the foreign post-card—hardly encourages us to look for help from the Post Office, but surely there is someone who might suggest to Mr. Arnold Morley that an opportunity exists for making his stay at St. Martin's-le-Grand memorable. That postage-stamps can be also works of art no one will deny who can recall those which were in use in Naples during the latter years of King Bomba's reign; and although under Constitutional government there was a painful falling-off in the attractiveness of the Italian stamps it is not necessary to conclude that the rule need be absolute for all countries.

The Year's Art (J. S. Virtue and Co.), compiled by Mr. Huish, shows no sign of entering upon the fossil stage at which hardy annuals so rapidly arrive. Each year brings to the front some fresh feature, and adds to the budget of useful information. The portraits this year are those of well-known "outsiders," but regular contributors to the various art exhibitions. From these one learns that Mr. Frank Bramley dresses as a yachtsman, Mr. Stanley Berkeley as a horseman, and Mr. Edis as a full-blown Colonel of the Artists' Corps. Not the least useful feature of the volume is the carefully compiled *résumé* of the art sales of the year, from which it would appear, if the prices realised for pictures may be taken as a test, that 1892 was not quite so impecunious as it has been represented. No less than fifty-five pictures sold by public auction realised sums between £1470 and £11,130, the aggregate reaching £163,681. The highest price was given for the Dudley Raphael—"The Crucifixion"—while Gainsborough's portrait of Charles Abel, Stark's "St. Benet's Abbey," Alma-Tadema's "Patron of Sculpture"—an interior by Ostade, and a ruin by Ruysdael—each obtained £1470. In point of money the largest sum realised was by the sale of the Magniac collection (£103,040) which included works of art of all sorts, but the far smaller Dudley gallery only fell slightly below it (£99,564). One of the legal proceedings affecting art—which are reproduced at length—will, it is hoped, be borne in mind by those desirous of having their portraits painted: that is, that the artist may decide whether or not it is a good likeness, and that he can claim payment for the veriest caricature.

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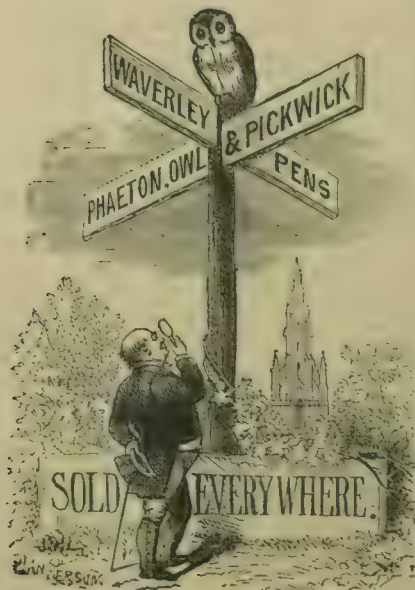
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MUSIC.

Opera in the Metropolis is once more at a standstill. The costume recitals have not proved "worth the candle," and so long as Covent Garden remains a *locale* for fancy-dress balls it can be used for nothing else. We must wait, therefore, until the balls are over to see whether Sir Augustus Harris means to utilise his idle stage before the regular season begins. He would have nearly six weeks to spare between Easter and the opening of the summer campaign on May 15; and in that time much could be done—if the most energetic of impresarios cared to do it. But would the extra trouble and work be adequately repaid? We fancy not. The recent stock company could scarcely be regarded as sufficient in itself, and to strengthen it just at this time of year would involve a considerable outlay, with little prospect of a proportionate return—a subscription for a spring season being out of the question. So, on the whole, it seems to us probable that there will be no more opera—or, at any rate, no more regular performances of opera—at Covent Garden until the middle of May. What is going to be done then no one exactly knows. An abnormal quantity of novelties have cropped up from time to time in connection with this season: some seven or eight at the very least have been mentioned on what would appear to be the highest authority; but he would be a bold prophet who would dare to predict how many and which of them will absolutely see the light. For our own part, we only believe for the present in two: "L'Antzau" and "Pagliacci," adding to these Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" directly M. Jean de Reszke renews his contract with the manager. The rumoured revivals of "Armida" and "La Juive" must as yet be looked upon in the light of uncertainties; we should feel much more inclined to back the chance of a two-act romantic opera by a certain young French composer, whose name has never been even mentioned in musical circles on this side of the Channel. Meanwhile, it is virtually settled that German opera is again to form a feature of the season, though not on the same extensive scale as last year. Thus, there will be a series of seven Wednesday performances in June and July, apart from the ordinary subscription, and on these nights

various works by Wagner will be given, some in Italian and some in German, the latter being such as will not require the aid of a chorus. But not even this can be taken as a definite announcement, for the final arrangements have still to be made, and until that has been done Sir Augustus Harris himself would not vouch for the fulfilment of his present projects.

The recent performance of "Israel in Egypt" at the Royal Albert Hall has demonstrated the fact that Sir Joseph Barnby needs to have a very "broad back" whenever Handel's great choral work is given under the conditions now customary at Kensington Gore. Happily, the popular conductor is pretty liberally endowed by nature in this respect, and he is himself probably ready to admit that his courage is only equalled by his pertinacity. He insists on having the duet, "The Lord is a man of war" sung by the whole of the tenors and basses of the choir, and he contends that the proceeding is not a whit more inartistic than plenty of others which are allowed to pass muster in the high places of English musical life. Sir Joseph Barnby does not claim originality for this idea, though he was the first to carry it out. As a matter of fact, it emanated from the fertile brain of the late Sir Michael Costa, who went so far as to request Messrs. Novello and Co. to have parts specially printed for the use of the Sacred Harmonic choristers. This was done, and the experiment was duly tried at rehearsal, but so badly did the choral duet go that, after two attempts, the impulsive Italian threw down his score in a rage, and the "new departure" was never made. Subsequently, the notion was taken up by the Albert Hall conductor, and everyone knows with what result. The latest performance of "Israel" under his baton was certainly up to the habitual mark at all points, while of the soloists the lion's share of success fell to Miss Clara Butt and Mr. Edward Lloyd.

There was no lack either of quantity or quality about the concert which opened the eighty-first season of the Philharmonic Society on Thursday evening, March 9. The scheme was evidently framed with the view of affording Dr. A. C. Mackenzie a good opportunity for display on his appearing for the first time in the capacity of conductor to the society. The Philharmonic band is always a body for English music-lovers to be proud of, but there are certain works wherein it is heard to especial advantage,

and among these a prominent place may be assigned to Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony and Weber's "Eury-anthe" overture. A more reverent and conscientious or more spirited and vigorous rendering of the symphony no one could have desired to listen to. It showed Dr. Mackenzie in the light of a reliable and painstaking conductor, besides proving the existence of a complete understanding between him and his new forces. A similar state of affairs was scarcely to be noted between Dr. Mackenzie and M. Slivinski during the Polish pianist's performance of the Schumann concerto. Both were somewhat nervous, while M. Slivinski was extremely erratic, and had palpably failed to master either the spirit or the meaning of the work. It transpired afterwards that he had never played it before; perhaps he will do better with it next time. Dr. Hubert Parry's "Hypatia" music unquestionably fulfils its purpose in connection with the play, as every musical visitor to the Haymarket will be ready to testify. At the same time, the performance of an interesting selection from it by the Philharmonic orchestra, under the composer's inspiring guidance, helped to kindle far greater admiration for its technical beauties and melodic charm than was possible with the limited resources at Mr. Armbruster's disposal. Each movement was splendidly played, and after the last Dr. Parry received a well-deserved ovation. Miss Nancy McIntosh sang Massenet's "Il est doux" in pleasing style and with artistic sentiment.

Dvorák's Mass in D was performed at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, March 11, for the first time in this country, and probably for the first time anywhere since it was rescored for full orchestra. Composed for the consecration of a private chapel attached to the house of one of Dvorák's friends in Bohemia, it is a *pièce d'occasion* in the sense that it had to be adapted to the capabilities of a village choir, and therefore made as free from complexity as possible. But although comparatively a simple work for Dvorák, it is, nevertheless, full of interest, originality, and charm, and will come so well within the reach of the average choral society that its popularity may be regarded as a foregone conclusion. The interpretation of the new work under Mr. Manns was, generally speaking, satisfactory, the solos being competently sung by Madame Clara Samuelli, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. Edwin Houghton, and Mr. Andrew Black.

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The Executive Council of the Imperial Institute hereby give notice that there are only likely to be two more Elections of Fellows prior to the opening of the Institute by Her Majesty the Queen in May next, the last election taking place about March 31. Full particulars will be forwarded on application, either personally or by letter, to the Offices, Imperial Institute, London, S.W. F. A. ABEL, Secretary.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with a codicil (dated respectively April 1, 1892, and Nov. 28, 1892), of Mr. Benjamin Mellor Kenworthy, J.P., late of Delamere Place, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, who died on Jan. 20, were proved on March 7 by his nephew George Henry Kenworthy and John Whittaker Kenworthy, his great-nephew, the executors, the gross personalty being sworn at £107,004 9s., and the net at £103,460 16s. 9d. He bequeaths £10,000 to his nephew John Kenworthy Stoney; to his godson Herbert Mellor £200; to Albert Edwin Mellor £200; to each of the male children of his nephew John Kenworthy, of Tenby, £1500, and so many legacies of £1000 each as there should be female children of the said John Kenworthy, to be held in trust for them and their issue; to each of his nephews, the said John Kenworthy, of Tenby, and James Kenworthy, of Kirkeudbright, an annuity of £100 for life; to the Ashton-under-Lyne Infirmary £1000 in augmentation of the endowment fund; and he directs his trustees to invest a sum of £2000 and apply the income yearly in the purchase of warm and comfortable underclothing among certain poor people resident within the Parliamentary borough of Ashton-under-Lyne. There are in addition some legacies to friends. With the exception of certain freehold property which is entailed, testator devises and bequeaths the residue of his real and personal estate to the said George Henry Kenworthy, absolutely. The deceased never was married.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Oct. 29, 1889) of Mr. Francis Black, publisher in Edinburgh and London, who died on Dec. 29, granted to Mrs. Elizabeth Bennett or Black, the widow, and Miss Elizabeth Black, Adam Rimmer Black, Miss

Isabella Maud Black, and Andrew Bennett Black, the children, the executors nominate, was rescinded in London on March 3, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £72,000.

The will and codicil (both dated March 1, 1889) of Mr. Nicolas de Teresa, late of the city of Mexico, merchant, who died on March 14, 1892, at Puebla de Tizapan, in Mexico, were proved in London on Feb. 28 by Alfred Spalding Harvey, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator bequeaths \$200,000 each to his eight children, Luisa, José, Nicolas, Dolores, Pedro, Francisco, Fernando, and Maria de la Paz; and states that he does not leave anything to his daughter Isabel, as she is already in possession of an ample fortune. He appoints as his sole heir his wife, Dona Dolores Miranda de Teresa.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1891), with a codicil (dated May 9, 1892), of Mr. Charles Tierney Davidson, formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, late of 2, Hyde Park Square, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on Feb. 23 by Mrs. Jane Harrington Sutherland Davidson, the widow, Charles Steer Davidson, the son, and Miss Edith Mary Davidson, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator bequeaths all his household furniture and effects and £500 to his wife; an annuity of £200 to his said son; and annuities of £80 each to two daughters of his late brother John. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children, including his said son, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 3, 1892) of Mrs. Jane Freeman, late of Brier Lodge, Southowran, Halifax, Yorkshire, who died on Dec. 30, was proved on Feb. 27 by the Rev. George

Edward Aspinall, the nephew, and Walter Freeman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £36,000. The testatrix gives £500 to the Halifax Infirmary; £100 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the London Church Missionary Society, the Royal Albert Asylum for Idiots, Lancaster, the Halifax Tradesmen's Benevolent Society, and the Harrogate Bath Hospital; such sum to the vicar and churchwardens of St. Anne's-in-the-Grove, Southowran, as when invested in Consols will produce £5 per annum, to be distributed among the poor of the township of Southowran; such sum as when similarly invested will produce £15 per annum to be paid to the curate of the said church; her furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects, and some cottages known as Hilltop Cottages to her daughter Edith Anne Freeman; and other legacies. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one moiety, upon trust, for her said daughter, for life, and then for her children, and the other moiety, upon trust, for her daughter Mary Leppington, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1876) of Sir John Armine Morris, Bart., late of Hafod Sketty Park, near Swansea, who died on Feb. 8, was proved on March 6 by Sir Robert Armine Morris, Bart., the son, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. The testator bequeaths the family portraits belonging to him to his eldest son, Robert, to be held as heirlooms; all his wines, consumable stores, and provisions, linen, china, and glass, and a carriage, horse, and harness to his wife (since deceased); the remainder of his furniture and effects, plate, books, and pictures, to his wife, for life, and then to his daughter Amy Blanche Caroline; and all



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moneys standing in the names of himself and his daughter, Henrietta Ellen, at the London and Westminster Bank, St. James's Square, to his last-named daughter. The residue of his personal estate, including his jewellery and watch, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife and daughter, Amy Blanche Caroline, in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1889) of Mr. Charles Henry Smith, late of Ravenswood, Wokingham, Berks, who died on Feb. 6, was proved on Feb. 25 by the Rev Herbert Monk, and Robert Lionel Monk Smith, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator leaves £200 to his executor, the Rev. H. Monk; £1000 and all his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Georgina Smith; and the Ravenswood estate and £10,000, upon trust, for his wife during widowhood. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to all his children, share and share alike.

The will (dated Feb. 9, 1892), with a codicil (dated Dec. 8 following), of Mrs. Marie Susan Jane Forsbrey, late of Eversley, Clapham Road, who died on Jan. 19, was proved on Feb. 20 by Thomas Killby, Richard James Forsbrey, the son, and Miss Caroline Forsbrey, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding

£26,000. There are specific gifts of freehold and leasehold houses and various stocks and shares to each of her children; and a legacy of £50 to her executor Mr. Killby. The residue of her property the testatrix leaves to her children equally.

The will (dated July 2, 1887), with two codicils (dated March 23 and July 20, 1888), of Major Frederick Henry Lang, late of St. Katherine's, Upper Parkstone, Great Canford, Dorset, who died on Dec. 30, was proved on Feb. 18 by Major Charles Edward Lang and Captain Conyers Lang, R.N., the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects to be divided between his seven children, £200 to his son, Charles Edward, in token of his affection, but he does not give him any further benefit, as he made provision for him on his marriage; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his children, Conyers, Franchlyn, Alice Fanny, Flora, Clara, and Helen Frederika, in equal shares.

The twenty-eighth annual report of the trustees of the Peabody Donation Fund shows that the net gain of the year from rents and interest has been £27,657. The sum

given by Mr. Peabody was, in 1862, £150,000; in 1866, £100,000; in 1868, £100,000; and there was received by bequest from him in 1873 £150,000, making a total of £500,000; to which has been added money received for rent and interest, £580,763, making the total fund £1,080,763. Of the £390,000 borrowed of the Public Works Loan Commissioners and others, the trustees have paid off £229,500, leaving a balance unpaid of £160,500. The capital expenditure on land and buildings was £1,236,011. Up to the end of the year the trustees have provided for the artisan and labouring poor of London 11,273 rooms, besides bath-rooms, laundries, and wash-houses, occupied by 20,144 persons. These rooms comprise 5070 separate dwellings—namely, 75 of four rooms, 1787 of three rooms, 2504 of two rooms, and 804 of one room.

The collection of wild beasts and birds called the "Royal Windsor Castle Menagerie," representing the once-celebrated old business of Mr. Wombwell, afterwards carried on by Edmonds, was sold off by auction on March 8 in Cross-Bones Yard, Union Street, Southwark. Many spectators, as well as buyers, came to see the animals, which were shown by Thomas Crouch, the keeper. Mr. G. M. Sexton was the auctioneer.

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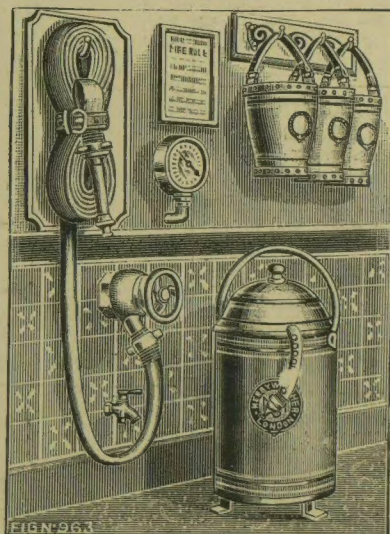
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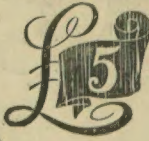
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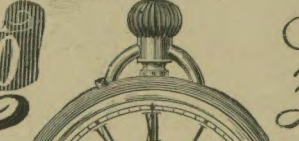
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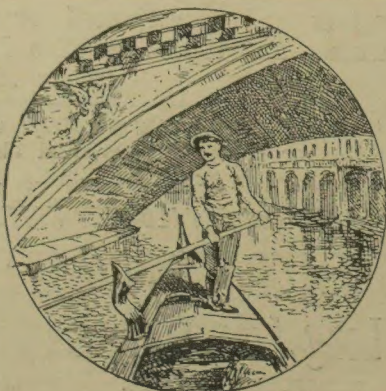
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